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THE murder of Professor Lessing at Marienbad marks the climax of infamy in the record of Nazi barbarism. This gentle but courageous philosopher, whose books had won for him respect all over Europe, was a Jew, a Socialist and a Pacifist. He had angered the Nazis by an article written several years ago in which he questioned whether Hindenburg, a simple-minded soldier who knew nothing of civilian life, was a proper candidate for the Presidency. They also thought him an unsuitable candidate, but for other reasons. Lessing was first persecuted, then dismissed from his college post, and finally driven to take refuge in Czechoslovakia. Hardly had he crossed the frontier when in an official intimation in the party press a price of 80,000 marks was placed on his head. The actual killing was probably done by local Nazis, but morally, and one would suppose legally, the responsibility falls on the German Government, which offered this reward for his murder.

Germany's Laurels

Two declarations stand out from the proceedings of the Nazi party congress just held at Nuremberg. One was a summons (in the form of a proclamation) to unity in the fight against Liberals, Pacifists, Socialists and Jews until they are "totally destroyed or subjugated." The other, in a speech by Hitler, was a declaration that Germany had no need of another war to win military laurels: it was more glorious for one land to hold out for four years against superior odds than for twenty to conquer a single nation. This suggests a salutary use of the myth, always favoured by the Nazis, that Germany actually won the war, but was defeated in the end by treason behind the Front. Hitler, who knows that he cannot afford war in the near future, is apparently trying to break the news gently to his rasher followers and at the same time to suggest to Europe that it is unnecessary to prevent him re-arming. In any event his headlong race towards moderation continues. The *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna suggests, however, that this precipitate moderation is generating a widespread revolt in the Nazi party. No less than 150 local leaders of its industrial organisation were recently sent to the concentration camps, because they had passed a resolution calling for the nationalisation of the coal mines. This was once an item in the Nazi party programme.

The Defence of the Reichstag Prisoners

Last week we referred to the efforts being made to secure foreign counsel to assist in the trial of Herr Torgler and the three Bulgarians. Two English barristers, Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., and Mr. Neil Lawson, both of whom speak excellent German, have applied, at the request of Herr Torgler's relations, for permission to help Dr. Sack, the officially appointed Counsel for Herr Torgler. Dr. Sack has replied that "his client places absolute reliance upon his conduct of the defence and does not wish to have a foreign lawyer as an assistant Counsel." He also asks to see any material which might help in Herr Torgler's defence. In response, Dr. Sack

has been asked to meet the English barristers at a convenient place to talk the matter over. It is to be hoped that the German Government which must by this time realise how little confidence the outside world feels about the way in which the preparations for this trial are being conducted and how sceptical foreign opinion must be about the statement that Herr Torgler has complete confidence in the lawyer appointed for him by the Government, will see the wisdom of permitting foreign counsel to take the part in the trial, which, by German law, they are permitted to take.

Inspecting Armaments

In an official communication the Washington Government intimates that it will support the French proposals for the international inspection of armaments by a periodic and automatic procedure, twice every year. It favours also the international examination of military budgets. One gathers from inspired accounts of this week's Cabinet meeting that the British Government is veering the same way, and may abandon its own proposal for inspection only after formal complaint. This, with something bearing on the private manufacture of arms, will be the main issue when the Disarmament Conference reassembles. For immediate reduction no one hopes: at best there may be limitation, which means in fact the stabilisation of existing armaments. This, however, neither dodges nor solves the German question. Can Hitler agree to stabilise German armaments at the Versailles level, and to endure inspection once more? The case against him will be rammed home by the Daladier Government, which has a dossier ready, bulging with evidence that he has already begun to re-arm. The British Government, it is believed in Paris, will support the French protest, but the attitude of Italy is doubtful.

The Proposed Austrian Constitution

Plans for the promulgation of a new Austrian Constitution are now far advanced. Its official introduction is likely to be made within the next eight weeks. The evident and increasing menace of a Nazi victory in Austria, and the insistent demand of the resurgent landowners and capitalists of Austria for an immediate and final liquidation of the Austrian, more especially the Viennese, experiment in Social Democracy are the principal causes for its hasty formulation. It has the approval and the more or less open backing of Mussolini and of the Vatican. The new Constitution, assuming that it sees the light in its present form, is uncompromisingly Fascist in character. The Federal Parliament, for months suppressed by Dollfuss' emergency decrees, is to be finally abolished. Political parties are to be prohibited. In place of Parliament will be councils representing different branches of industry and agriculture. In Austria formal adherence to "the principles of patriotism" (Heimatländische Grundsätze) will be *de rigueur* for those who wish to take any public or legal part in political affairs: to be a member, for example, of one of the projected councils. This excludes from participation all Socialists, Communists, Pacifists, and any other persons subscribing to any doctrines tinged with internationalism which makes it all the more odd hat among the principal backers of the new Austrian patriots, headed by Prince Starhemberg, is a syndicate largely composed of Roumanian financiers.

Communism in China

The Nanking Government has suddenly prohibited the long-planned Anti-war Congress at Shanghai on the eve of opening. The Congress was intended to push forward in the Far East the work begun last August at the Anti-war Congress of Amsterdam. The explanation of the Nanking Government's decision, which it justifies on the ground that the Congress is Communist in origin, is its alarm at the continued existence and growth of the Chinese Soviets. The Chinese Soviets, effectively controlling territory with an estimated population of 30,000,000, have more or less successfully resisted the fifth of a series of major campaigns organised against them by Nanking, and have recently won success in the field. British, American and Japanese warships have been despatched to Foochow in readiness for action against them. As usual, the real significance and importance of the situation is being distorted out of all recognition by the trick, made familiar by the Japanese in Manchuria, of representing all the inhabitants of Soviet China as "bandits." Bandits no doubt exist there, as they did in Manchuria, but it would be well not to forget another aspect of the situation for which we may cite the expert and impartial testimony of Sir John Hope Simpson, whose knowledge is based on his long experience as director of flood relief in China. Interviewed last year in China by a special correspondent of the *New York Times*, Sir John Hope Simpson said:

> The Chinese long more for a stable and just Government than for anything else. Apparently they have found a semblance of it in the Communist provinces. They do not have to worry so much about graft; they have their land, and, I believe, are building an educational system. But the great thing Communism has accomplished is bridging for the first time in China the gap between lower classes and ruling classes. Any successful Government must be founded on the people, and this is the first attempt to give them representative Government in China. —*New York Times*, August 9th, 1932.

Incidentally, in the index of the *New York Times* under the general heading "China" this interview with Sir John is to be traced under the direction "Communism. *See* Bandits."

The Second Cuban Revolution

As suggested in these columns at the time, the overthrow of General Machado marked the beginning rather than the end of the revolutionary outbreak in Cuba. The Government of Dr. de Cespedes, who succeeded Machado, has resigned. It has been succeeded by a Committee of nineteen, whose more radical members apparently have the support of the soldiers and sailors, the students, and at least some of the powerful and—for the most part—revolutionary Cuban trade unions. Compared with the events now in progress the departure of Machado and Cespedes' succession to the Presidency pale into a mere "palace revolution." Machado was turned out when it was obvious to the New York banks and to everyone else, that he was too unpopular to keep order or to safeguard lives or vested interests in Cuba. Cespedes was called in to save a dangerous situation. But the revolutionary strikes in Havana and elsewhere, which had finally broken the Machado regime, never completely ended. Workmen, soldiers, sailors, and students de-

manded some more fundamental change in the economic situation. So far the second revolution has been a great deal more orderly and peaceful than the first. Washington and New York, however, are this time alarmed by the genuinely revolutionary possibilities of the situation. A battleship, a cruiser and three destroyers have been sent to Havana. A regiment of marines has been hurriedly concentrated at Quantico. There are 7,000 Americans and 1,000,000,000 American dollars in Cuba. Reports from Washington speak of the intention of the United States Government "to strengthen morally the hands of the more conservative faction of the new military junta against the revolutionaries."

Labour Day in U.S.A.

Monday was "Labour Day" in the United States, and it also marked the end of the first half-year of the Roosevelt administration. In great part his programme has been realised: in all the basic industries, except coal, a code has been imposed, which lowers hours and raises wages: wholesale prices have risen 15 per cent.: two million of the unemployed have been reabsorbed by industry, and the farms also have on the whole fulfilled the schedule. But the pace is not yet hot enough. Not two but six million unemployed ought to be back in work. Credit trickles very slowly from the banks to borrowers. Demand still lags behind production. So Mr. Roosevelt has addressed a fresh personal exhortation to bankers. A "Buy now" campaign is being launched by General Johnson, to drive customers in herds to the retail shops. Finally, it is doubtful whether Labour has won anything by the recognition in the Industrial Recovery Act of its right of collective bargaining. Mr. Harriman, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the U.S.A., has just issued an uncompromising plea for the "open shop," and Mr. Ford maintains his silent defiance.

The T.U.C. Defends Democracy

In his chairman's address to the T.U.C., Mr. Walkden showed a full appreciation of the danger and nature of Fascism. His championship of democracy, however, suffered from the defect that stands out in recent official Labour Party utterances. We recommend Mr. Walkden to read the article which we publish to-day from a young German, who was a faithful and active worker in the Social Democratic Party. He gives a vivid account of the way in which the inept leadership both of the Social Democratic and the Communist parties finally delivered up the German working-class movement to the tender mercies of Hitler. What emerges unmistakably is that democracy will not survive unless its champions can convince the disillusioned generation now growing up in every country that Labour leaders intend to put through a genuinely Socialist policy and have faced the obstacles and know how to surmount them. Recent criticisms of Sir Stafford Cripps and the joint authors of *Problems of a Socialist Government* seem all to miss their central argument that in order to preserve democracy it is essential to engender the faith that, by reform of its institutions, the aspirations of those who are not content with the social order can be accomplished. Mr. Henderson, now returned to the House of Commons with a triumphant majority, is, we are sure, aware that the charges of "would-be dictatorship" made against his colleagues, is mere propagandist moonshine, that to urge the abolition of the House of Lords, for instance, is to be no more dictatorial than John Stuart Mill who wanted the same reform, and that Labour's chance of saving democracy in this country lies, not in a negation, but in a positive policy which will convince his supporters all over the country of the sincerity and ability of their leaders.

Pantomime Quadruped

An Irish correspondent writes: A single wild ass's skin now covers all the opposition parties. Mr. MacDermott, of the British grazier conservatives, is to be the constitutional hindquarters, and Mr. Cosgrave will be the constitutional head, of the campaign animal that has been saddled now for General O'Duffy. That the General needs to be provided with a sober mount he proved by his first wild plunge into the arena. The United Ireland Party creed has seven heads. The first two, reunion of North and South, and reiteration of the Free State's right to leave the British Commonwealth, are routine concessions to national pieties. Point three placates financial interests by disavowing any intention to be troublesome about points one and two. Point four promises immediate settlement of the annuities dispute, apparently on Mr. Thomas's terms. Point five genuflects to agriculture as the main source of national prosperity; six proposes to mitigate poverty by a plan, lacking details, "for attracting capital into industry, by bringing thrift, hard work, and enterprise back into fashion." Seventh is an anthology of aspirations: "To obliterate memories of the civil war, abolish intolerance, protect individual liberty, and build up a worthy Irish civilisation to which all sections of the community will contribute." What antipathies all this pie-crust serves to cover may be gauged from General Mulcahy's bitter personal attacks on Mr. MacDermott at the last election. The electorate, so far as its opinions are expressed by party club resolutions throughout the country, seems dissatisfied with the De Valera Land Bill and industrial reconstruction measures only because of their excessive moderation. The salient fact now emerging is that as the capital profits on our export trade were kept within a very narrow circle, the loss of them is not being widely felt. As Sir John Keane complained in the *Sunday Times*, "the effect on the poorer section of the people has been mitigated by a surfeit of meat, poultry, eggs, etc. at very low prices." The poorer section of the people, that is, the majority of the electorate, have been seeking precisely that state of affairs all their lives, and they can hardly be expected to run screaming away from it to the ballot box.

We hope to publish in next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, *the third of the series of articles by Mr. Ernst Henri on the underground opposition to Hitler in Germany. Next week's article will deal with very recent developments in the Social Democratic Party. Mr. Henri's earlier articles, which have attracted a great deal of public attention, appeared in our issues of August 5 and 12.*

We also expect to include in next week's issue the third of Mr. G. D. H. Cole's articles on THE PRESENT CONFUSION. *It will examine the economic possibilities of "State Capitalism and Capitalist Planning."*

LORD GREY

THE death of Lord Grey removes a singularly lovable man from the circle of his friends and neighbours. It is hardly a public event. This man who held for ten years the pen of History in his hand, and left his character legible upon her pages had vanished from the busy world. The woods knew him and the birds recognised his step, but his touch was gone from affairs. One hardly reckoned him even among the negative influences that kept the Liberal Party disunited. Nor can one say of him even that his death closes an epoch. The chapter that he opened runs on interminably. In the war that he declared there is neither end nor peace. A Germany unreconciled sees him gathered to his fathers.

One thinks of this man rather as the channel through which history ran than as the engineer who diverted its stream. He originated nothing. For the *rapprochement* with France Lord Lansdowne was responsible, and that entailed the estrangement from Germany. The approach to Russia was indeed of Sir Edward Grey's making, but it was already latent, an inevitable logical consequence of what had gone before. The crucial act of Grey's career, and indeed of recent European history, came to him for decision in the first days of his period of office as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. One can believe that it seemed to him at the moment little more than a matter of office routine. The French Republic called for the opening of military conversations, and the angry posture of the Moroccan affair pressed for an immediate answer. The newly formed Liberal Cabinet was scattered all over this island campaigning for the approaching election. After consulting the Prime Minister and Lord Haldane, Sir Edward Grey assented: the rest were not even informed. It was no new departure: like all that followed, down to Sir Edward Grey's own speech on the first Monday of August, 1914, it was latent in the *Entente Cordiale*. A Whig had succeeded a Whig at the big desk in Downing Street: the Whigs believed in continuity.

History made this man. History nominated him to his post. History used him as her tool. To whom else did he owe his nomination? A little to Lord Rosebery—but he, too, was an alias of History. Certainly not to Campbell-Bannerman, who accepted him, after a stormy episode, as an item in the *impedimenta* that every leader of a party must carry. Nothing but his name and the authenticity of his descent from a ruling Whig family marked him out for the Foreign Office. He knew no language but his own. He had never travelled. He knew less of Europe than many a private citizen who spends his holidays in educational tours, and much less than many a rank-and-file Labour Member who frequents the committees and conferences of the Socialist and Trade Union Internationals. He was not a student of history or of economics. He would, even after years of daily work in Downing Street, suddenly reveal to those with whom he talked that he could not find his way about even on a large-scale map of the regions that concerned him. He impinged on the destinies of Russia, knowing less of it than many a quick-witted schoolboy. The Persia that he partitioned was to the last an abstraction for him, and he was apt to confuse the Persian Gulf with the Red Sea. All of Germany that he knew was the Embassy in Carlton House Terrace. If by degrees he built up some store of information, it all came from the despatches of his ambassadors, which he read with punctual industry. Only an unusually active and sceptical mind could have drawn from the data he possessed the material necessary for an independent course. His mind was neither particularly active nor sceptical: at its best it had a naive capacity for reducing complicated problems to their barest and simplest elements: it was, as another inhabitant of the Front Bench used to say, "a one-syllabled mind." Therefore that happened which alone could happen. This man fulfilled History: he could not wrest her from her course. He followed the only policy that the racial memory and the family traditions of a Whig household had made familiar to him—that of the Balance of Power. His predecessor had marked it out for him: his permanent officials stood round him, chart in hand.

This is, however, to underestimate the man. If he had no unusual powers of intellect, he had originality of character. Nature had been kind to him. She had given him a distinguished, even a commanding, presence; his voice had a rare musical quality. If he was shy in conversation, he none the less had charm, and occasionally he would say something with a spice of dry humour in it. He was a loyal friend, but a very stubborn enemy. The puzzle is to explain the ascendancy which he acquired, apparently without effort, over the Commons, and the wider public outside it. His critics inside it were active and persistent. He had against his policy the unwavering and well-informed opposition of the greater part of the Liberal press—*Nation*, *Manchester Guardian*, and *Daily News*, yet he had only to rise in his place and make one of his quiet, elementary speeches, in order to satisfy the House. It was partly his manner that did it—a certain air of serenity, an obviously good conscience, and with it all the pleasant exterior and the agreeable voice. If he said little and disclosed nothing, his hearers believed that behind this simplicity there were deep reserves of knowledge and even of subtlety. The *Times* stood behind him—until the dark days of the war itself—and it was supposed to speak for History. But one guesses that something more than all this explains his ascendancy. He had something in reserve. It was not wide or detailed knowledge, or even subtle reflection. It was the inner man, who would escape to the New Forest, or make a bonfire of blue-books that he might mulch his roses with their ashes. There came from the solitude, not indeed an articulate voice, hardly even a conscious thought, but rather a presence that was bigger than the audible spokesman of Downing Street. This men felt who could hardly have put it into words. They realised something great in Edward Grey, and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who was not exactly great, profited by his habitation of the same body.

The principle of the Balance of Power ran its course. It made the Triple Entente, and then the war and then the peace. Or part of it. For the League was an attempt to break away from that tradition. It had Grey's full support from the earliest hours of the inception of the idea, while it was still only a project shaped by a few intellectuals and fostered by Lord Bryce, Colonel House and Lord Robert Cecil. The man who had followed

his Whig tradition with unwavering consistency had also understood its corrective principle—the concert of Europe. He had called it into active use during the Balkan Wars. He was turning to it, eagerly and wistfully, during the revealing July days after Serajevo. He called it the principle of "Conference," and dwelt upon it then and afterwards with an engaging simplicity. He lived to see it crystallised into an institution. From his retirement he aided its growth, and used his broken prestige to encourage its advocates. He has lived to see it tested, found wanting, and all but buried under its wreckage—though of "Conference" there is no lack. And in a new and far more difficult shape the problem that he failed to solve, of fitting Germany into the European framework, haunts us and darkens the future. The Balance of Power could not solve it. "Conference" was not enough. We shall have to break outside the precedents and traditions of History, that this man incarnated, before the spectre is laid that led him into war, and dogged his successors when they looked for peace.

THE END OF A GREAT ILLUSION

IT was the night of September 14th–15th, 1930. A most exciting election day lay behind us, and we officials of a local division of the Hamburg Social Democratic Party were sitting in our Committee room, waiting for the results of the gigantic election struggle. The result was an unexpectedly great victory for Hitler. The Nazis increased their members of the Reichstag from 12 to 107, the Communists from 54 to 77, while the Social Democrat members dropped from 153 to 143. For a moment there was general consternation. Then a young official spoke: "At last! This will bring our leaders to their senses! Now perhaps even our leaders will wake up and finally finish with this disastrous policy of compromising and preferring the 'lesser evil.'" Four weeks later this official was expelled from the party for "working against the party discipline."

This remark, representing the feeling of the majority of the younger members, shows why we remained within the party in spite of all the failures of the policy of the "lesser evil." We always hoped that it would be possible to convert "the old, lame, irresolute leadership" by our activities and by the lessons of the obvious failures of the compromise policy; we believed in the rejuvenation of the party. Our strongest struggle was directed against the toleration of the Brüning Government. This Government, with its increase of taxes, cutting down of the unemployed benefit, and its reduction of the salaries of officials and workers' wages by about 30 per cent., was tolerated by the Social Democratic Party. This policy was vindicated by the argument of the "lesser evil," namely, the argument that if the Social Democrats had voted against Brüning a still more reactionary Government would have been the consequence. We Left Wing Socialists saw the dangers of this attitude and advocated, therefore, the organising of an energetic defence struggle of the working class against any attacks on wage levels and social services. For, if the pithless policy of our leaders continued, the result would be a weakening of the Social Democratic Party by driving the most active workers to the Communists. And the general result would be that the German working class, untrained for its social struggle, would only facilitate and encourage the formation of a still more reactionary Government than that under which it already suffered.

Meanwhile the Social Democratic Party was faced by a permanent growing opponent in the ranks of the working class—the Communist Party. Confident in the absolute possibility of achieving Socialism by means of Democracy, we regarded the Communist way to Socialism, the revolutionary way, as a method involving unnecessarily great sacrifices of wealth and lives. But, with the growing notoriety of the failure of the Social Democratic policy, our readiness to take the Communist way into consideration became stronger.

But what about the arguments of our leaders, that the Communists were responsible for the split of the working class? Was there not a good deal of truth in that? And what about the dependence of the Communist Party of Germany on Moscow? Was the Moscow Executive really able to survey the German situation? Were not, rather, the various failures in the tactics of the German Communist Party—namely, the revolts of 1919–1923 and the anti-Trade Union slogan: "All revolutionary workers out of the Trade Unions!"—due to the ignorance of the Moscow Executive about German conditions? All these questions worried us, not to speak of the main controversy—evolution or revolution. And very often, mostly under an especially vivid impression of social democratic futility, we came to a point where our decision stood 50 to 50.

But politics are a very delicate matter, and the Communist Party sometimes behaved like the ox in the porcelain shop.

In the Summer, 1931, I studied at the Goettingen University, but spent a great deal of time doing political work in the Reichsbanner. At that time the raids of Fascists on Socialists and Communists reached a record frequency. The Communist Party published an appeal asking the Social Democratic workers to combine with their Communist comrades in forming United Front Defence Groups. The Social Democratic Party advised its members not to take part in that activity. The consequence was a storm of indignation among the larger part of the party members, who saw the necessity of forming strong anti-Fascist workers' groups. And, in spite of the anger of our district leader, two Reichsbanner officials and I let the Communist Party know that we were willing to sign a joint appeal to the Goettingen workers. The appeal was published and commented on by the Communist district paper, the *N.A.Z.* under this heading:

> Three Social Democratic Officials Give Their Leaders a Box on their Ears! In Spite of Prohibition—Participation in United Front Movement!

And the consequence? Hundreds of Goettingen workers, having originally sympathised with the United Front Movement, were offended. The Right Wing men triumphed: "You see, it is impossible to collaborate with the Communists!" Finally, the district committee definitely prohibited any further participation in the United Front Movement, so that we had to withdraw our signatures.

Then occurred the unfortunate plebiscite during which the Communist Party, together with the Nazis and the Stahlhelm, voted against the Prussian Braun-Severing Government. A tactical monstrosity! Within a few days there had opened a gap between the Social Democratic and the Communist workers such as had never existed before. Anyone who spoke during that time of a united front between Social Democratic and Communist workers was regarded in the Social Democratic Party either as a traitor or as an idiot.

On April 10th, 1932, we elected General Field-Marshal von Hindenburg as President of the German Republic: to prevent the "larger evil"—Adolf Hitler's accession to power. What else could we do? Nominate our own Social-Democratic candidate, who perhaps would have obtained ten million votes? That would have meant an easy victory for Hitler. And to vote for Thaelmann? That was impossible! How could we vote for a man who stood against the Weimar Constitution? And even if we had voted for Thaelmann and had given him, with our fourteen million Social Democratic and Communist votes, a majority over Hitler, the consequence would have been a civil war. For Thyssen, Voegler and Co. would have never recognised voluntarily a Communist as Reichspresident. Finally, there was at least no doubt that Hindenburg would keep his oath to the Weimar Constitution. His election was celebrated by us as a great victory over Hitler.

Three months later. Eagerly discussing the political situation, a Nazi student and I are going down the large outside staircase of the Freiburg University. An extraordinarily large crowd stands before two newsagents' shops. A flood of voices: "Braun and Severing dismissed!" And there I saw it in fat letters: "The Reichspresident has named Chancellor von Papen acting Minister-President of Prussia." I glance at my companion. Joyful surprise is to be read from his face. I am the first to speak: "That will bring Papen into some trouble. I wonder if he really thinks that the Social Democratic Party will consent to that under whatever circumstances it may be?" The Nazi laughs: "What can you do?" "General Strike! Mobilisation of the Prussian Police against Papen!" My companion is doubtful: "The strike, I am afraid, can't be avoided. But mobilisation of the police? Your party has not got enough pluck for that!"

One hour later sixty officials of the Social Democratic Party, the Trade Unions and the Reichsbanner meet in the Trade Union Building. The proclamation of the general strike is universally expected. The instructions from Karlsruhe, however, cannot arrive before next morning. Nevertheless all necessary preparations are made. The text for leaflets is written; the men in the printing office are informed not to go home that night; the Reichsbanner is prepared for any emergency; pickets are organised.

The next morning. No instructions, neither from Karlsruhe, nor from Berlin. The workmen go into the factories, ready to leave them as soon as they are called. From the wall shine the white slogans of the Communist Party: "General-strike against Papen dictatorship!" *Vorwaerts*, our central organ, appears. "We protest vigorously against the illegal action of Papen! Socialdemocrats! Be vigilant! Do not be provoked! Keep quiet!" No action? We hope for the next day. But slowly doubts set in. Is there, perhaps, something true in what the Communists have always predicted—that our leaders, that Braun and Severing would never fight against Fascism? We cannot believe it.

Two days later we have to believe it. This is what those men, to whom millions of Socialists had entrusted the highest responsibilities, are like! For years and years we had endured all the social and political sacrifices because we were told of the necessity of keeping the power of the Social Democratic Party in Prussia. Now this "fortress of Socialism" was taken by a lieutenant and two men, and not one finger was lifted to defend it.

The Weimar Republic had been praised as the safe road of gradual and peaceful evolution towards Socialism. And now it almost seemed, as the Communists always had prophesied, as if this Republic had led us to Fascism. Our confidence in the personal qualities of our leaders and in the whole political outlook of Social Democracy shrunk ever more and more. But once more it appeared for a short time as if this policy of keeping quiet, retreating, preferring the way of the least resistance, would be successful.

After the elections on July 31st, 1932, when the Nazis increased their Reichstag seats from 107 to 230, Hindenburg refused to appoint Hitler Chancellor. He offered Hitler the Vice-Chancellorship, which was rejected by Hitler. The followers of the Nazis became impatient, and in the election the Nazis lost thirty-five seats. Our press rejoiced. "The prudent policy of the Social Democratic Party has defeated Hitler! The election of Hindenburg and the retreat on July 20th is perfectly justified!" On January 30th, 1933, Hitler was appointed Chancellor. Reichspresident von Hindenburg, the "lesser evil" of the Social Democratic Party, declared his solidarity with the "larger evil," Adolf Hitler. An unsurpassable finis to the Social Democratic policy. Once more some million Social Democratic workers waited for the fighting signal, again in vain. We were put off to wait for the elections on March 5th. But we had lost confidence. And under the pressure of the brown terror the Nazis obtained an overwhelming victory. Two weeks afterwards the Iron Front (Soc. Dem. Party, Trade Unions, Reichsbanner) announced its voluntary dissolution. A great illusion had come to its end.

How insignificant appeared to us now all the various objections we had raised against the political methods of the Communist Party, compared with this total collapse of the entire Social Democratic theory and practice! The promise of gradual evolution into Socialism had been a rosy cloud under cover of which the reactionary elements had gradually returned into their old position. A bitter experience, rich in hopes and unsurpassable in disappointments, has taught us the truth of the words of Lenin, that to build Socialism one cannot take over the bourgeois State machine but must break it to pieces. The Social Democratic Party of Germany is dead. But the idea of Socialism, purified by experience, is alive in our minds. And no terror and no persecution will hinder us from attaining our end. A new, a Socialist Germany will rise out of the ruins of the S.A.-barracks, of the concentration camps and the prisons—a fatherland of the toiling masses. WERNER

MILK MARKETING

THE Milk Marketing scheme, now confirmed by a great majority of the dairy farmers, the result of a producers' poll, will come into operation this autumn. Except for a mild apprehension lest prices should be raised, the public has taken little interest in this most important experiment. It is true that the consumer is only indirectly affected. The proposals are intended to save and organise an industry, rather than provide a public service. Although the Milk Marketing Board will have power to sell milk and manufacture and sell milk products, it will undoubtedly use the existing channels of distribution, and there are no signs that it is likely to set up factories and collecting stations along the lines suggested by Sir Ernest Debenham before the Reorganisation Commission. Ultimately, however, the Board will have a very powerful voice in retail methods and prices. The latter are already considered in the annual bargain made by the Farmers' Union and Dairymen's Associations. The Board, controlling practically all the milk produced in England and Wales, will be in a far stronger position, and will have the added advantage of licensing all the farmer-retailers, the terms of the Act expressly allowing the Board to settle prices and conditions for their sales. There is likely to be a difficult interval, during which the public may be dissatisfied, but unable to assign the blame either to the Board or to the dairymen.

There were obvious conveniences in attacking this problem first from the farmers' end. Milk distribution is an undertaking about which any semi-official body is justified in being cautious. The English town-dweller expects a great deal of service, often unnecessary, and of credit, often precarious, in exchange for his small and irregular custom. We still drink under two-fifths of a pint daily per head, compared with the full pint or more of Sweden, the United States, and some other countries. England, as was pointed out by the Reorganisation Commission, "is not a milk-drinking country." The condition of the dairying industry also demanded very rapid assistance, and could not wait until we had been educated to the idea of a public milk supply. The disastrous slump in all agricultural prices had driven every farmer, however unsuitable his holding, to consider the possibilities of dairying, with its quicker turn-over, regular income, and partially protected market. Within the last ten years the number of dairy cows had increased by 350,000, while improvements in feeding and the development of milk-recording have undoubtedly raised the average yield. By 1930–31 over 1,260 million gallons were being produced yearly. Of this amount only some 700 million gallons were needed for the fresh milk trade, and experience has shown that the demand, though slowly increasing, is very inelastic. Meanwhile the market for milk products, all of which are subject to very severe competition from abroad, grew steadily worse.

The large gap between the prices for "liquid" milk and manufactured milk had a most upsetting effect. Every farmer

was tempted to get his milk on to the liquid milk market. There are some areas in which the farmers are accustomed to make cheese or butter, or to separate their milk for the small cream market, but most of the extra milk produced since 1922 was thrown on to the fresh milk market, and added to the great bulk of "surplus milk," which has to be hastily converted into some less perishable commodity, a process which is necessarily wasteful and inefficient. Other evils, following from this overcrowding of a limited market, were the fierce undercutting, which ruined all attempts at voluntary organisation, and the pouring of cheap milk from outlying parts into more populated areas which were already fully catered for by local dairy farms.

The first principle that had to be introduced was compulsory control. Milk producers are of so many types, large and small farmers, specialist and general farmers, some near enough to towns to retail all their milk, others who can never retail a pint. They cannot be blamed for their failure to get together on a voluntary basis. The present scheme is voluntary, in so far as it has to be referred to a producers' poll, but once a two-thirds majority has been obtained the Marketing Board will include within its operations everyone who owns cows and sells retail, and everyone who owns more than four cows and sells milk at all. It will control the movement of all liquid milk sold off farms, and this should put an immediate stop to certain evils in the present situation. The Board should be able to prevent all that undercutting which ruined the effectiveness of the annual contracts as arranged by the Farmers' Union. It will check the progressive deterioration which is threatening owing to uncontrolled production, and it will ensure orderly marketing as between producer and retailer. This in itself would be worth doing, but the Board will soon become unpopular if it cannot accomplish more than this. The 700 million gallons would still be all that was sold at liquid milk prices, and the 600 million gallons would still be turned into various unremunerative products. The pooling system might arrange for a fairer distribution between the different producing regions, and the stronger bargaining powers of the Board will gradually squeeze out of the dairymen some of the unnecessarily high profits of retailing, but neither of these processes would make any great difference to the total earnings of the dairy farming industry, while better distribution of profits often evokes more grumbling than gratitude.

Once the Board has got its own organisation running it will have to turn to other activities in order to bring more money into the industry, and also to enable it to develop further. There is no reason why twelve or thirteen hundred million gallons should be taken as the maximum output, merely because this quantity has temporarily upset the market. The two lines of attack will be the stimulation of demand for liquid milk, and the development of milk manufacturing processes. The first is perhaps the more hopeful, for the second will probably require some measure of quota or protection, and the Ottawa agreements prevent any effective control over our chief competitors for at least three years. It will, however, be possible to save much of the wasteful handling of surplus milk, and more regular supplies will enable the factories to achieve some economies, but whether these will make it possible to recapture part of the butter trade is more than doubtful.

Turning England into a milk-drinking country would be a large but not an impossible undertaking. An increased consumption of fifty per cent., while still leaving us far behind the United States, would completely revolutionise the industry. The first necessity is to improve and standardise the quality of milk, and get the doctors' co-operation in advertising it as a "safe" drink for all ages. This should not be difficult. The general average of milk has improved enormously since the war, much of the ordinary commercial milk is quite up to "Grade A" level, and the worst milk comes from casual producers who will probably be kept out of the fresh milk business. A gradual tightening up of standards ought to ensure that the 700 million gallons required are of the requisite standard of cleanliness. The doctors might perhaps be a little more helpful. They are inclined to adopt a *non possumus* attitude, especially on the complicated question of pasteurisation, and to indulge in generalisations which are now entirely out of date. The formation of a Marketing Board is a good opportunity for breaking a vicious circle under which farmers would not invest capital in better stock and better methods because there was no certainty of increased demand, and the public would not buy milk as food because the doctors scare them, and do not emphasise its high feeding value.

With the doctors favourable, and possibly a return to sanity on the subject of local expenditure, the next great objective would be milk for all school-children. According to the Reorganisation Commission some 800,000 children, about ten per cent. of the school population, are already included in the operations of the school milk clubs, and get their daily third of a pint. This has clearly gone far past the experimental stage. The physical effects of this distribution are astonishing, and its extension to all school-children should be undertaken as rapidly as possible. Once milk is recognised as a safe drink, and children have acquired a taste for it, the problem of higher consumption can be left to solve itself. The Board by that time should be able to extend its controlling influence over the distributive trades, so as to squeeze out the inefficient, cut out wasteful competition, and reduce dairymen to their proper functions of processers and retailers. G.

LOVE OF PUBLICITY

EVERYTHING, or nearly everything, is prohibited by somebody. To-day it may be beer drinking on licensed premises during certain hours of the afternoon; to-morrow it may be religion; the next day, bathing-slips; the day after, cigarette smoking; and so on till you will not be allowed to kiss your wife in a railway station, to talk politics except on the official side, to eat imported rice, to bring up a family, to play a gramophone on the river, to leave litter on a mountain-top—in short to do any of those numerous things, good and bad, that an ordinary man wishes to do. We have reached the age of "Thou shalt not." There used to be only ten "Thou shalt nots"; in modern Europe and America there are thousands. Even in an era, however, in which an increasing number of people believe in prohibiting things for the love of prohibition, I thought that at least one thing was so dear to the hearts of man, so necessary in order to make life worth living, that it was permanently secure from the hands of the killjoys. I could not believe that even under the most firmly established despotism anyone would have the courage to try to suppress publicity. Yet that is what the Fascisti are now setting out to do, according to a circular in which Signor Starace, secretary of the party, "attacks the fondness of certain people for having their names, titles, and photographs published in the press."

"Any meeting or manifestation," complains Signor Starace, as reported in the *Times*, "is taken as an excuse for 'giving' a long list of those present, and some people do all they can to attract the notice of the newspaper reporters in order that their names may be published, if only in the local newspaper." This must now stop. "No merit is gained by a name being published. Merit is acquired in other ways. Above all, a stop should be put to the practice of constantly photographing the authorities present in various manifestations. The photographs should be confined to showing the work and the crowd of onlookers."

This is Puritanism with a vengeance, and I confess I am apprehensive as to its results. Will politics continue to attract the best men, I keep asking myself, if politics are divorced from publicity in this fashion? After all, the love of publicity is a deep-seated and all-but-universal passion. It begins almost as soon as the child has learned to say "I." I experienced the craving myself at a very early age. Even in my infancy, I liked to see the family name published in the list of Portrush seaside visitors in the *Coleraine Constitution*.

That, I always felt, was the best thing in the paper. Here the paper became a mirror to my eyes. I lived more fully, and took a brighter view of life as I read the name. Those of you who have won fame in larger fields may be inclined to despise the pettiness of imagination that can be satisfied with so small a fame as this. It is a mistake, however, to despise the things that make life better worth living for the obscure. I once knew a man who when he was oppressed by the feeling that he was a failure in life—that he was a nobody in whom nobody was interested—used to sit down and open a local directory till he came to the street in which he lived with the number of his house and his name opposite it. As soon as he saw the name in print, he felt a strange glow in his breast; his self-confidence returned; and he rose from his chair to fight the battle of life with renewed vigour. He told me one day that the two books that had done most to prevent him from sinking into hopeless melancholia were the local directory and *Pickwick Papers*.

It is difficult to explain the pleasure human things take in seeing their names in print. One may say that it is due to self-love, but why should it increase a man's self-love to see his name printed in the longest list of the most distinguished names on earth? Is it that he cannot quite believe in the fact of his existence till he sees it confirmed by a printer? Or is it that he is foolish enough to imagine that everybody, on seeing his name in a "list of those present," will see it as he himself does, in letters of gold, and will envy him as a man living in a blaze of glory? Who can measure the joys and sorrows that "lists of those present" have given rise to? A friend of mine who worked on a provincial newspaper once told me that half the troubles of the reporters were due to the complaints of embittered readers who were not mentioned in "lists of those present" or who, if they were mentioned, were mentioned without the "J.P." or some such title after their names. Reporters, especially on provincial papers, should remember that what is important news to the public is not always the most important news to every member of the public, and that an entire day's newspaper may be ruined for a reader by the omission of his name from a list of those present at a local flower show.

Film-stars and other famous people may laugh at such simplicity, but, after all, for many a man fame begins in the local papers. It is true that for most men it also ends there; but I doubt whether there is any difference in kind between the pleasure a man gets from being mentioned as a spectator at a flower show in a small town and the pleasure another man gets from being the subject of paragraphs of personal gossip in the London newspapers. Each sees himself in a flattering mirror; each feels as if somehow or other a cubit had been added to his stature; and it is questionable whether an enormous amount of publicity satisfies the appetite much better than a modest amount. The appetite itself is apparently insatiable, at least with many people who might be described as dipsomaniacs of publicity. But the fact that even Fascisti will do all in their power to get their names published, "if only in the local newspaper," suggests that the chief joy of publicity is in having one's name mentioned, and that everything beyond this is only trimmings.

There is also, some would reply, the joy of being photographed; and I am not denying the joy of being photographed. The man who has not felt it is only half-human. Watch a photographer taking a photograph of a section of a crowd, and you will always see a struggle of anonymous heads to get somehow into the picture. Even to be a blur at the back of the crowd is something, and to be only an ear behind somebody else's head is better than nothing. This passion for getting into the public eye I can understand, and I have often—unsuccessfully—tried to get into it myself. The kind of photographic publicity that I cannot see the fun of, on the other hand, is the kind that statesmen and film actresses seem to thrive on. I should hate to find a photographer wanting to snap me as I left my house in the morning. I should hate to feel that I could not cross the street without a camera's clicking. Railway travel would become unbearable if I knew that my getting in and getting out of the train would that evening be on view in every cinema in England. I should not mind one photograph or so a year in the illustrated weeklies—say, "Gold Cup Day at Ascot: The Duchess of Wessex Enjoys a Joke with Mr. Y.," or "Gleneagles Championship: Mr. Y. (winner) Looks Thoughtful on Putting Green." I should not, as I say, protest if this sort of thing happened occasionally. But to be Mr. Winston Churchill, who cannot paint a picture or build a wall, or smoke a long cigar, or wear a new hat, without having the thing photographed and recorded pictorially in every newspaper in the country—I would rather be a mute inglorious Milton or even a mute inglorious nobody with £5,000 a year than that.

The question is, however, whether statesmen or stars in other professions can hope to retain their hold on the public without continual publicity. Fascism and Hitlerism both owe their success to the fact that they had, as leaders, men who could no more avoid publicity than film actors. The film hero has entered politics to-day and swept the quiet, old-fashioned politician out of the picture. What is all this shirt business but political cowboyism? Every man as he dons his shirt becomes conscious of the limelight and feels like someone who is at the disposal of the world's press for an interview. Take away the right to be photographed or to have his name in the papers, and many a Fascist will feel that he might as well be an ordinary Liberal. Why, indeed, was he ever told to put on a black shirt except for the sake of publicity? For my own part, I shall be glad to see the end of publicity politics—shirts, photographs, lists of names, and all. But what will become of politics in the process? In my opinion, they will be utterly transformed and may even become sane. And everybody knows how dull sanity is. Y. Y.

THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE: THE FIREWORKS THEORY

M. L'ABBÉ LEMAÎTRE, one of the distinguished physicists to address the British Association this year, is the chief founder of the theory of the expansion of the universe. His contributions to this theory entitle his ideas concerning the evolution of the universe to special consideration. Recent researches in the application of physics to astronomy have caused a riot of cosmological speculation. The speculations of M. Lemaître have not been the least bold in this riotous assembly; in fact, they are qualified by powerful originality. The latest results in the investigation of the cosmic rays have a very interesting bearing on certain of M. Lemaître's ideas. His theory of the evolution of the universe is as follows: In the beginning the universe was one gigantic atom, no larger than the earth or sun. All matter and space, everything, was contained within that concentrated ball. The diameter of ordinary atoms is expressed in billion millionths of an inch, so the difference in size between the primeval atom and ordinary atoms is sufficiently notable. The primeval atom was born radioactive, with a natural tendency to disintegrate. Once it did disintegrate, and that was the beginning of universal evolutionary history. The early stages of the radioactive explosion were indescribably violent, the primeval atom exploded as a firework. It flung forth showers of particles and flashes of rays. These rays were the original cosmic rays. The pressure of these released radiations caused space to expand, and expand very rapidly. The present observed rate of expansion of space is so great that the universe cannot well be much more than ten thousand million years old. This is only a little older than the earth, as geological records indicate. A tremendous amount of evolution was accomplished in the early fireworks period, and the explosion died down to a little crackling and a smoke consisting of atoms and particles emitted from the primeval atom. Larger fragments formed stars and clusters of stars. The atomic smoke diffused through space and formed the material for the production of nebulae

by gravitational condensation. After the early fireworks the developments among the debris were slow and fitful. The explosion of the cosmos had been too rapid and bright, so that an excessive proportion of ashes and smoke had been formed. The observed rate of evolution in the debris, among which we exist, is very slow; the stars are evolving much less quickly than the universe is expanding. The stellar evolutionary time scale deduced from observation of existing rates of evolution of stars from one type into another is expressed in millions of millions of years. The age of the universe deduced from the observed rate of expansion is ten thousand million years—a hundred times shorter. M. Lemaître's theory of early rapid evolution solves this contradiction.

The cosmic rays have a very important role in his description of the evolutionary process, and their heterogeneity is for him a deciding characteristic. These rays were generally supposed to be waves of the type of X-rays, but much shorter and more energetic. The specialists in cosmic ray investigations have until recently proceeded on the assumption that they were studying a wave-radiation. M. Lemaître's idea is that from the beginning they were not confined to waves, they contained streams of swift electrons, helium nuclei and other sorts of particles. Almost every new paper on cosmic rays is now providing evidence that they at any rate contain particles. The photographs of chambers revealing tracks of cosmic rays show the presence of particles of energy at least 10,000,000,000 volts. These may be cosmic rays, or caused by cosmic rays. Then the recent discoveries of the positive electron and the neutron have shown once more that many undiscovered sorts of particles probably exist. The complicated view of the constitution of cosmic rays is receiving continual supporting evidence, so M. Lemaître's composite cosmic rays become more and more probable as real entities.

Everyone knows that the cosmic rays are difficult to investigate because of the scarcity of their effects. The most delicate detecting instruments are necessary. But cosmic rays though rare are violent, and when caught their effects are remarkable. How could such illusive entities be one of the chief factors causing the expansion of the universe? The intensity of the shower of cosmic rays falling on the earth is about equal to that of the pale star-light. Yet simple calculation shows the cosmic rays in the universe contain a quantity of energy comparable with the whole atomic energy of all the matter in the universe. If all the blazing stars could be packed into one piece of matter and suddenly annihilated into radiative energy, the consumption of all matter would release not more than a hundred times as much energy as the whole of the cosmic rays in the universe. The explanation is simple. The cosmic rays are diffused evenly through space, whereas matter is concentrated into lumps exceedingly rare compared with the vast stretches of emptiness. If the energy of the extensive though tenuous cosmic rays is summed, it comes to a vast amount. So the cosmic rays may certainly be one of the major phenomena of the universe, and born before the present universal panorama existed. Indeed, in their first period they were probably twenty times as energetic as they are now, because the energy of a radiation decreases if the containing space expands. The expansion of space may have diminished the energy of the cosmic rays by twenty times.

M. Lemaître's analogy of the beginning of the evolution of the universe with the disintegration of a radio-active atom directs the search for the cause of that evolution into the mechanics of atomic structure. Perhaps theoretical physicists will succeed in showing that the organisation of all the matter in the universe in one gigantic primeval atom is not theoretically impossible. The notion of the whole universe unfolding from a particle no larger than the earth has a biological quality. The notion of the growth of a cell into a vastly larger organism reminds one, in M. Lemaître's theory, of the unfolding, expanding universe. Will this universe in the future also exhibit cessation of expansion, senescence and death?

J. G. CROWTHER

THOUGHTS UPON THOUGHT

Our own good sense and our determination will prevent our people for all time from abandoning the inner unity of thought and desire for the sake of the slogan "The right of free criticism."
—HERR HITLER.

How blank, how empty seems the press
  Of themes for mirth, or indignation,
While Parliaments are in recess
  And Conferences on vacation!
All argument is laid aside;
  Hushed is the still, small voice of reason,
And leaves Dictators to provide
  Fit topics for the Silly Season.

A barely adequate supply—
  For even the Giant Gooseberry reaches
A point of interest as high
  As most of Adolf Hitler's speeches:
Yet I confess I hold him dear
  Since, with veracity unshrinking,
To all the world he made it clear
  Just what Dictators think of thinking.

For "inner unity of thought,"
  The Nazi patriot's chief obsession,
Can, so he tells us, best be sought
  By stifling freedom of expression;
Thus what he means by thought is shown
  (As we had all along suspected)
To centre in the tongue alone
  And leave the brain quite unaffected.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

WAR, SADISM AND PACIFISM

SIR,—In his first contribution to this discussion (August 19th), "A Believer in World Union" based his criticisms of *War, Sadism and Pacifism* on two alleged statements of mine regarding war and human nature. In both instances, as I pointed out in your issue of August 26th, his quotations were completely inaccurate. His second contribution (September 2nd) is likewise based on two alleged statements of mine. And again his citations are entirely inaccurate. I have nowhere said or implied that "pending long-term (psychological) researches attempts to diminish the likelihood of war are not only useless but a danger to the community." I have never said or implied that I am "even more terrified of pacifists than militarists." I did say that I was more terrified of a "dangerous" pacifist. And I defined a dangerous pacifist as a leader in the Official Pacifist movement who like a quack doctor advertised all manner of rational *remedies* without taking the trouble to inform himself as to the actual nature of war problems. I have repeatedly declared that I have no objection to any transitional inhibitory measures, adding always the important proviso that these should on the whole be more likely to delay than to provoke war. I have said equally repeatedly that to *depend* on such measures as a *solution* of war problems is a wild piece of optimism which can only be supported on a happy-go-lucky ignorance of mental functioning.

Nevertheless, I am loath to take advantage of that accepted usage which absolves a controversialist from rebutting arguments based on inaccurate quotations. I am loath to do so, because in the same letter "Believer" gives vent to a heresy which cannot be too frequently exposed. He says that it requires all the resources of education and propaganda to make man ready to fight. He also pins his faith on "enlarging and *civilising* (my italics) patriotism into loyalty to the League." Here, if you please, is a dangerous piece of optimism! It is all very well for pedagogues or faith-healers to parade such comforting superstitions. But an Official Pacifist has his duties as well as his recreations. It does not require specialised knowledge to point out what any thoughtful observer of children can discover for himself, viz., that the

"power" of education depends least of all on the artifices of the educator and most of all on the educability of the instincts in question! And sadism (conscious or unconscious) together with its counterpart masochism are notoriously the least educable of all instincts. If pacifists wish to be taken seriously they must show more mettle in their thinking.

May I in conclusion point out that there are two issues at stake? The first and more urgent is the psychological motivation of war: the second and more curious is the psychological motivation of pacifism. It must not be lightly assumed that because pacifism is on the whole an anti-war movement, it is necessarily a realistic movement or that peace will come by that particular channel. No doubt this sounds absurd to the pacifist who clings to an appeal to reason. To this I can merely reply that we live in an absurd world and that the first qualification in a pacifist reformer must be his capacity to face unflinchingly and assess those fundamental problems of human irrationality with one of which he has chosen to concern himself. EDWARD GLOVER

18 Wimpole Street, W.1.

THE PRESENT CONFUSION

SIR,—It is all to the good that Mr. G. D. H. Cole, in his second section, goes to the heart of the issue between the old pseudo-science of economics and the new presentation which, many now believe, will ultimately merit the designation of a *science* of economics.

Mr. Cole says that "... there is under Capitalism no persistent shortage of purchasing power in relation either to the volume of goods on the market or to the productive power of society." If by "the market" Mr. Cole refers only to consumers' markets he is right; there is no shortage during boom periods.

But the new school have demonstrated that, under the Capitalist system of cost-accounting, there is an inherent and persistent shortage of consumer-income in relation to *total* industrial costs, this total including costs of both capital production and production for consumers' markets. In the long run, all industry's capital costs have to be recovered and defrayed on consumers' markets; they cannot be defrayed on industrial markets, for when capital goods are sold by one industrial concern to another, no industrial costs are defrayed—they are merely transferred within the industrial organisation.

Under any conditions, whether of boom or slump, these costs are incurred faster than incomes are distributed, and, broadly speaking, unrecovered costs represent outstanding debts. So long as new bank-credits are forthcoming to finance these costs, it is quite possible to distribute incomes fast enough to meet—and even overtake—the costs arriving on consumers' markets alone. This only serves to mask the inherent defect. Costs, represented by outstanding loans, rise faster than they can be defrayed, and bankers sooner or later take fright at the dimensions of these loans, and restrict credit, with the result that eventually a slump ensues. Then, a large proportion of the outstanding costs are disposed of by forced sales, bankruptcies and the writing down of shareholders' capital—a periodical purge which many capitalists seem to regard as inevitable and by no means unhealthy.

Obviously, if the defect is inherent, the only remedy is non-repayable consumer credit—to which Mr. Cole objects on the score that it would inflate prices. Under existing conditions it certainly would. That was why Major Douglas designed a financial mechanism for regulating prices. A. W. COLEMAN

"Oakdene,"
Mundesley, Norfolk.

ROADS FOR PEDESTRIANS

SIR,—Can Mr. Fergie, the romantic who still believes in the existence of quiet country roads, think himself back to 1900 and imagine what he would have said to the expense of constructing and reconstructing the roads that bear our motor traffic to-day? "Infamous waste of public money," "Impossible from the financial point of view," would have been on his lips then. My plan for giving the pedestrian that to which he is entitled, namely, a substitute for the roads which have been made over to another purpose, would involve only a fraction of that expense. Can his imagination also soar to a state of things in which "every lane and cart-track" should be "fit for a pedestrian to walk in safety" by being closed to motorists altogether? That follows from my original thesis that high-speed vehicles need, and should be confined to, high-speed tracks.

"People do not walk for pleasure on roads bespattered with high-speed traffic": If Mr. Fergie had ever spent a holiday in Cornwall or the Isle of Wight, he would not have made so childish a statement. Even here, in Buckinghamshire (I speak only of the places I know), many miles of motor road are used, perforce, by pedestrians, both on business and pleasure. *If* they can avoid it, of course walkers who value their lives do not use the main roads. I am glad to see that Mr. Fergie agrees with me there. I am aware that the majority of accidents occur in towns—my plan was not limited to the country—but a great number occur in the country as well. Those in which the motorist has driven on after knocking down a pedestrian are familiar to us from police notices on the wireless: there are many more, of which we hear little, where he has stopped to do what he can in a terrible situation for which often neither he nor the pedestrian is to blame. That was the point of my letter: the present system automatically kills or mutilates hundreds who have not Mr. Fergie's agility or confidence. His "I am afraid we will have to look after ourselves if we do not wish to come to a 'sticky' end" is sublime. I wonder if he would write like that if his child had been killed on the road. Many people's children are so killed. But it is a comfortable point of view: "Your plan won't work: besides, it would actually cost money. Let's do nothing about it."

B. A.

P.S.—"I am writing this letter as one of the many walkers who B. A. thinks stand in need of protection" (Mr. Fergie's letter to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, September 2nd).

"About half of the road accidents result in the death of a pedestrian; and more than a third of the people annually injured on the roads are pedestrians" (article in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, same issue as Mr. Fergie's letter).

THE NEW AGE OF PLENTY

SIR,—If Mr. Henderson will restrain his indignation and give my review a second reading he will see that in no place did I impute to him, as he suggests, the wish to graft a system of "consumers' warrants" or similar devices on to the present capitalist economy. My point was that in any economy whatsoever—including his own ideal Socialist State—prices to the consumer must incorporate costs to the producer; unless, indeed, we are to live under a comprehensive and permanent system of State rationing, regardless either of current individual preferences or of possible changes therein. *The World's New Age of Plenty* contains plenty of assertions to the contrary, but precious little argument, and that, to me, unconvincing. The "challenge" is certainly reiterated, but very far from "perfectly clear."

Mr. Henderson accuses me of being unable to see outside the walls of orthodox economics. How far his rather offensively phrased accusation is justifiable, and how far, on the other hand, it can be argued that the most elementary assumptions of equilibrium theory (by which I do *not* mean free competition) are in fact inescapable by Mr. Henderson or by anyone else, might be determined by discussion, but hardly within these columns. Disagreeing with what I understand to be Mr. Henderson's thesis, viz.: that private ownership, however modified and restrained, is necessarily incompatible with economic balance and progress, I could not argue the whole case point by point in a couple of paragraphs; instead, I tackled one or two individual points which seemed to me in flagrant contradiction to economic common sense, and added my general opinion—to which, as he admits, even the humblest of reviewers is entitled.

YOUR REVIEWER

UNIVERSAL LANGUAGES

SIR,—Even a critical person such as "Critic" must have his hours of relaxation, and it was during one of these, I suppose, that he wrote his pleasantries about Mr. C. K. Ogden and the Leverhulme endowment. But to those of your readers who may have taken his words seriously I should like to point out that Mr. Ogden's subject is not the making of new languages, but "The Language Factor in Civilisation." Honour is due to Lord Leverhulme's executors for their appreciation of the importance of the subject, and research in this field is particularly welcome to those whose intellectual and spiritual horizons have been widened by Esperanto. Mr. Ogden's researches must inevitably lead him to the study of the psychological effect of international language in practice and the reactions of human behaviour to the spoken word. No better field of study could be had than a

Universal Esperanto Congress. Most of us who have recently returned from Cologne, where the Jubilee Esperanto Congress was held, are not psychologists, and we only know that we have come back more fully alive than we went. To us the difference between Basic English and Esperanto is as that between "Menus for the Month," published in some women's journals, and a well-cooked, well-served meal in its effect on the stomach of a hungry man. I read those menus, and they really make my mouth water, and I can well believe in the pleasantness of Basic English prose, but give me a solid meal and the delights of human intercourse through Esperanto here and now!

I believe even the compiler of those excellent menus does not refuse a good dinner planned by somebody else.

Casa Rustica, EILEEN DE B. DALY
Bordighera, Italy.

THE CONDITION OF RUSSIA

SIR,—I am quite content, as Sir John and Lady Maynard suggest, to "leave your readers to determine which side is endeavouring to give a balanced statement of facts." I must, however, point out that when your correspondents accuse me of confusing the factory meal and the closed co-operative, and go on to state that "there has been no abolition of the closed co-operative," they are merely being nonsensical. The decree to which I referred was issued on December 5th, 1932, and signed by Stalin and Molotov. Its first clause reads :—

> With the object of improving the workers' food supply and distribution, and to strengthen factory directorates, the Central Executive Committee decree that all main closed co-operatives and attached enterprises are to be transferred to factory management . . . and to be turned into factory shops.

Clause Four reads :—

> Food cards, books and tickets will henceforth be regulated by factory directorates, and distributed with wages. Dismissed workers will be deprived of food cards . . . .

It is difficult to see how this can be interpreted in such a way as to seem to refer, not to closed co-operatives, but to factory meals.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

A CARROT

SIR,—I have several times had the pleasure of supplying Critic with Carrots. Surely your Motoring Correspondent last week deserves one when he writes :

> The purchase of a car is a matter of money. Money is made in proportion to the keenness of our wits. The keen-witted own cars. The slower-witted sections of the community travel afoot.

GREENGROCER

[Which reminds us of the remark that there are only two sorts of people left in London—"the quick and the dead." Critic is enjoying a very over-due holiday this week and asks us to say that he will welcome a large bunch for next week's paper.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE EVILS OF NICOTINE

SIR,—It is sometimes a little difficult to understand whether your witty contributor Y. Y. intends his statements to be taken seriously or is engaged in the operation commonly known as "pulling one's leg."

This is certainly the case when one reads his recent article entitled "Reasons For and Against Smoking," and especially the paragraphs in which he contrasts the tolerance of the smoker with the reputed selfishness of the non-smoker.

Your contributor's experience is certainly not that of some of your readers, who feel that the bad manners of many smokers are encouraged by a weak tolerance and the fear of making a bother of many of the non-smoking section of the community. Even if Y. Y.'s accusations were true, it is certainly easier to be "tolerant" towards an inoffensive individual whose habits do nothing to infringe one's elementary liberties than towards one whose constant behaviour is a minor assault on comfort or even health.

As a frequent traveller I am constantly being made aware of the inconvenience and discomfort caused by the unspoken claim of smokers to indulge their habit at all times and seasons.

Perhaps one of the "reasons against smoking" is the blindness to the rights of others which it seems to cause in its devotees. Pure air is as much a right as uncontaminated food, and if the non-smoker raises a mild protest when his nose and throat are irritated and his lungs filled with smoke-laden air please do not rate him for intolerance. But I may have taken Y. Y. too seriously. After all, it may be "only his fun."

ROBERT J. LONG
Rawdon, nr. Leeds.

BRITISH BEER AND IRISH POLITICS

SIR,—On a few occasions recently the newspapers reported the destruction of casks and bottles of Bass's ale at Dublin and other places in the Irish Free State by young men acting on behalf of what is said to be a "Boycott British" organisation.

The little-known fact that a famous Irish rebel many years ago addressed an eloquent apostrophe to Bass lends a certain piquancy to the affair.

John Mitchel's *Jail Journal*—preacher of what he called "the holy hatred of English Rule" though the author was—is regarded by many critics as an English classic. Mitchel was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation for treason-felony in 1848. He escaped from Tasmania in 1853. On the way to San Francisco a call was made at Tahiti in mid-Pacific. Mitchel in his *Journal* (September 4th, 1853) thus writes of an incident there :—

> In a nook of the rock here, by the river where Oberea and her nymphs were wont to bathe, I find three empty bottles, bearing on a label the legend "Bass's Pale Ale." O Bass, boundless bottler of beer, thy name and thy liquor pervade the globe : thou hast built thyself a monument more enduring than brass in the quenched thirst of all kindreds, and tongues, and nations. The Australian shepherd blesses, as he unwinds the clasping wire from thy bottle's burly neck : Dutch boer on *karroo* of Southern Africa feels his thirst assuaged in advance at very sight of thy label of blue. These eyes have seen thy cork, erst hammered down in that bottling-store of London, leap up towards the southern cross, and startle the opossum on his lofty branch in Van Diemen's Land forests : here, too, that bounding cork has overtopped the plumes of the loftiest palms—this quiet dell of the Polynesian. Fowtowoa has witnessed libations to thy *numen*, to thy power and thy genius ; and the slumbering echoes of Orohena have been awaked by the good report.

What Mitchel called "thirsty thoughts," suggested by rationing of drinking water, sometimes occupied his mind. He has some curious observations under the date July 13th, 1849. In his often-quoted Rhapsody of Rivers (*Journal*, July 30th, 1850) he refers to the sacred wave of Choaspes, "the drink of none but kings." (The quotation is from Milton's *Paradise Regained*.)

5 Iden St., Liverpool 7. JAMES NOONAN

Miscellany

THE SOVIET READER IN REVOLT

IN 1932 the bureaucrats of Soviet publishing houses suddenly discovered that children did not wish to limit their reading to stories about iron, steel, coal, peat, tractors and machines. Any intelligent mother or father could have told them that two years earlier. Soviet boys and girls were demanding certain types of fairy-tales, travel tales and adventure ; in general, books that feed the imagination, books about people. The youngsters protested and won.

Now an even more far-reaching popular trend is filtering into the minds of Soviet publishers and Soviet politicians : adult readers are asking for a new type of fiction. They are in revolt against the typical Soviet novel. The revolt takes the positive form of a desire to read the pre-revolutionary Russian classics. "Give us classics," is the cry dinned into the ears of every Soviet librarian.

This new tendency has become so marked that it now finds expression in an article by a Soviet critic named Sobolev in the columns of the weekly *Literary Gazette*. Sobolev studied the library of the Moscow woollens mill *Liberated Labor* which, he says, is typical of libraries in seventy-five other woollens plants whose records have been perused, and which, in turn, are probably typical of many hundreds more.

So great is the demand for the classics that this factory library has had to buy pre-revolutionary editions in the old Russian orthography which the Bolsheviks reformed and

simplified, and which therefore looks queer to the Soviet Russian. Tolstoy's *Resurrection* was borrowed by twenty readers in half a year. Likewise Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. When one of the workers returns a classic he generally arrives in the library accompanied by a comrade who wants it after him. But modern Soviet writers often stand on the shelves.

What else is popular? Sobolev reports that the proletariat likes books about foreign peoples and detective novels. Even old men ask for Jules Verne, James Fenimore Cooper and Bernard Kellerman. The engineers of the factory compete with plain lathe hands for the privilege of taking out volumes on travel and on experiences in exotic lands.

These tastes for classics and adventure and this reaction against new Soviet literature is not limited to working men. Responsible Communist officials have told me on occasions that when they want to rest their minds and really enjoy themselves they take up *War and Peace*, or (those who know foreign languages) Conan Doyle or Edgar Wallace, or something in these and similar *genres*. Young Communists, too, have developed a strong penchant for ancient folklore, nineteenth-century memoirs and pre-revolutionary best sellers.

It would be incorrect to deduce from such circumstances that Soviet authors find no readers. On the contrary, Russia is consuming an inordinate amount of Soviet *belles lettres*. Publishers' lists are long and editions big. New novels by Mark Sholokhov, Fedor Gladkov, Alexei Tolstoy, Valentin Kataiev, Boris Pilniak, Novikov-Priboi, Leonid Leonov, the Ilf and Petrov couple, Alexander Fadeiev and others are quickly absorbed by an insatiable market. One has the feeling, however, that Soviet novels are frequently read not so much for relaxation and pleasure as for the purpose of discovering how such-and-such an author is developing, what he is thinking about, and what new Russian economic and social problems he has illuminated. Life in the U.S.S.R. is so rapid and complicated that many citizens in one field do not know how their fellows live. They go to Soviet literature for enlightenment—and to the classics and foreign literature for a good time.

What is wrong with the Soviet novel? Sobolev tells us what the workers in the woollens mill say: "The factory bores us when there is too much of it in a book. The writer takes his hero and drags him through the factory. But has not this hero another kind of life? Has he no home, a wife, children, and periods of rest?" This criticism lifts the curtain to a very grave defect not only of the Soviet novel, but of the Soviet newspaper, radio, theatre and of almost all forms of Soviet art. The Bolsheviks exert a tremendous amount of social pressure on their writers, and the writers, to prove that they are loyal to the revolution, that they are endeavouring to create proletarian art, that they are reforming or "rebuilding" themselves so as to conform to the requirements of Soviet politics, devote excessive attention to purely economic matters and very little attention to private life. The economic phases of the Five Year Plan and collectivisation become themes for novels, and the usual, personal features of fiction are introduced only incidentally to help carry the story. This tendency was stimulated between 1929 and 1932 by zealous Communist critics who frowned upon concentration by authors on "eternal problems" like death, love, the purpose of life, and personal relations. In their struggle against decadent introspection and the unhealthy aspects of Freudianism in literature the Russian critics almost drove the individual from the pages of fiction, so that the factory or the construction job remained to dominate the scene as the inanimate hero. But this is the day-to-day life of the worker, and he finds it dull when it is presented to him every evening, albeit in rosy colours and ecstatic tones, in the novel, on the stage, on the screen and by the loud speaker. Undoubtedly, Soviet upbuilding and the agrarian revolution are exciting, romantic subjects, and a great artist will some day arise to perpetuate them in an epic. But to-day no one wants to read books and see an endless number of plays and cinemas which are merely longer renditions of *Pravda* editorials.

I have often been asked in America and Europe why so few translated Soviet novels succeed abroad. The answer is that there is too little human interest in them; too little love and too much national economy. The same applies to most of the movies based on construction themes and factory life. *The Road to Life* won acclaim in foreign countries because it showed the forging of a new human being. *Potemkin* carried in it the thrill of revolution. So did the *Twenty-six Commissars*. But *Golden Mountains*, Dovzhenko's *Ivan* about Dnieperstroi, the Magnitogorsk film, and *Shame* (Vstrechni) did not appeal to the Western world. Some of them were failures at home, too. This state of affairs is especially sad to contemplate when one remembers that the Soviet revolution has developed huge cadres of film regisseurs and photographers who are probably the best in the world and to whom the State makes available every material facility for work. But their themes and treatment hamper their genius.

Because films, drama and novels are tied to a political purpose they often fail to achieve that purpose. A degree of social control is still necessary in Soviet art. Yet most of the Soviet artists are loyal citizens and convinced of the wisdom of Communism. Left more to their own devices and relieved of incessant, rasping criticism they would do the Soviet Government and the Soviet public more good than they do to-day. During the last year, since the disbanding of the monopolistic RAPP (Association of Proletarian Writers as distinguished from the "poputchiki" or intellectual sympathisers with the revolution), the writers have been receiving more freedom and better treatment. But it is not enough. Bolshevik leaders ought to study, and worry about, the movement away from Soviet literature towards classics, adventure, and foreign novels. This trend, in some measure, is a flight from stern Soviet reality. But in even greater measure it is a protest against uniformity of theme and monotony of approach.

The newspapers and radio are likewise heavily laden with boredom. The Moscow *Pravda*, the country's biggest and most important daily, consists of only four pages. Nevertheless it regularly devotes almost two columns of this precious space to figures on the day-to-day production in individual South Russian mines and Siberian steel mills. I am certain that few readers are interested in this data, and specialists can find it in local or special dailies like *For Industrialisation*. Most Soviet citizens, similarly, can do nothing but regret the inefficiency of railway transport. They cannot improve it. The transport daily *Gudok* (Whistle), read by all railmen, is the place for detailed criticisms, scoldings, and instructions. The big newspapers like the *Pravda* and *Izvestia* must, if they wish to retain the interest of their audiences, limit themselves to more general discussions of these important issues and, with the space thus economised, provide a more varied reading diet. Sensationalism and yellow journalism are impossible in the Soviet Union. More human interest items, however, would not be inappropriate.

It is a mistake, I think, for the Bolshevik leaders to impose too frequently on the patience and discipline of their faithful supporters. Such a policy can force the average citizen to resort to his ultimate defence: he will shut his eyes, ears and heart. It is possible to wean people from bourgeois psychology and win them for Bolshevism without mentioning "Soviet construction," "Socialism in one country," and "Threat of foreign intervention" in every other sentence. The best propaganda is propaganda that is indirect and that does not look like propaganda. The Bolsheviks know that bourgeois propaganda is subtle and insinuating, yet they do not learn from their rivals.

Nor does the theme itself suffice to make a work of art proletarian or good. A portrait painting of Stalin is not necessarily proletarian art because it represents the leader of the proletariat. A bad oil painting of an attempt on Lenin's life is not necessarily revolutionary. The men who repeat Socialist slogans may do so mechanically and achieve no revolutionary effect on the minds of their auditors. Quality is now the supreme shortcoming in Soviet art as in Soviet industry. Sincerity and truth are more convincing than

quotations from Lenin and Marx. A many-sided picture of life in novels will excite more interest than a detailed description of the chemical processes by which ore is converted into ferro-manganese in a new Soviet factory.

Soviet critics and Soviet authors have been so busy in recent years quarrelling about what is a proletarian art and what is not, who is a proletarian writer and who is not, which themes are revolutionary and which are harmful, that they have forgotten their readers. In the meantime, their readers have slipped away from them. The Soviet reader is in revolt. Factory meetings are inviting writers to come and listen to workers' complaints. And the workers speak straight from the shoulder. They explain why they like the classics and why they prefer some Soviet authors to others. At one gathering, a worker said: "Why do many poems of Soviet poets live only one day while the poems of Pushkin and Lermontov live to this very day?" At another discussion in a factory, Kirshon, a well-known Communist playwright, spoke in the usual banal editorialistic phraseology about the need of "a fighting literature of a struggling and victorious class," whereupon someone said to Kirshon: "A new family is evolving in the village." The implication was: "Why don't you write about human beings instead of about co-operative stores, kulaks, and blast furnaces?"

In any other country, dissatisfied readers would make their tastes known by boycotting certain authors and buying the books of others whom they favoured. Here the thirst for reading matter is so great (and the paper shortage so severe) that most books are sold out. But the Soviet reader has a more effective weapon and he is using it: he is applying social pressure on the writers and I am sure he will soon win—just as the children have won.

LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Distaff Side"

Using three generations of women in one household as a framework, Mr. Van Druten, at the Apollo, weaves a very charming tapestry of character—character seen not quite in the round, but vividly and with a kind of loving appreciation of foibles for their own sakes. With Dame Sybil Thorndike as the central figure of the household—the tranquil maternal figure, capable alike of soothing the agonies of youth and calming the tantrums of age—*The Distaff Side* must necessarily acquire a dignity and significance not entirely its own. It is easy to imagine how a smaller actress could throw the play completely out of focus by failing to "stand up to" the exquisite, picturesque drolleries of Miss Haidée Wright, fantastic, shrewd, childish and querulous all in a minute as Evie Millward's intolerable old mother, or to Miss Martita Hunt's dazzling brilliance as her woman-of-the-world sister. The plot is perhaps the most tenuous of all Mr. Van Druten's cobwebs—a matter of a young woman making up her mind to marry a man with whom she has already had an affair, and of a middle-aged woman seeking peace with a lover, from whom she has been previously estranged. Dame Sybil, aloof in her stronghold of memory, watches and guides—a lovely picture. Nobody knows better the ultimate "fatness" of a small part than this author, but he is magnificently served by Mesdames Dora Barton and Dorothy Holmes-Gore, and Mr. Edgar Norfolk.

"Age of Plenty"

Not a merry evening at the Embassy. Not, for that matter, an evening of great drama, or anything like it. But *Age of Plenty* is a deeply sincere attempt—the first, I believe, in England—to present the truth of the depression in something like its true perspective. The fact that the scene is laid in America may mitigate the force of the play's lesson to London audiences, but the well-fed, contented souls who miss the main point may at least pause and reflect that the dole has its uses, after all. Adam is a burly warehouseman who cheeks his foreman and loses his job. In a series of short scenes we watch him look for another, buoyantly at first, hopelessly in the end, his muscles and morale both shrunken and useless. Interspersed are scenes at a factory gate. Three men are wanted, then two, then one, then none. The numbers of the insistent workless increase. Police are called, and then soldiers with tear-gas bombs. Finally the Communists, who have distributed pamphlets and rifles, have their way, and the curtain falls on the revolutionaries waiting grimly for their fate. If the cold realities were farther away the piece would not be impressive. Adam is interesting only as a symbol, and there is tedium as well as pathos in his adventures. The play is diffuse, and even Mr. Van Gyseghem's astonishingly able production gives it only some of the power to which its theme entitles it. He handles the crowds and minor characters admirably, but the principals are not of sufficient acting stature to sustain such portentous roles as they are given.

"Clancarty" at the Winter Garden

The genius of Lewis Waller may have brought this play to life in the days when costume drama with a full romantic flavour was a different thing. An assassination plot on King William III, with attendant smugglers, jailers and Ladies of the Court has possibilities, but a model full of Victorian colouring can be nothing but a hindrance unless it is taken really seriously one way or the other. Even the composer, Mr. Wolseley Charles, seems to have been in doubt as to whether he was writing a grand opera or just some tunes to be played at a Girl Guide Rally. Miss Enid Cruickshank decides they are opera arias, but she is the only member of the cast who makes a definite decision, and I feel she is wrong. Then there may be precedents for a third-act ballet in plays of this kind, but not for one which might be intended as a parody of *Les Sylphides* by a senior form at the High School. And anyway there is no more provision for it in this play than for a Derby crowd. Of its kind the singing is good, and of its kind the scenery is pretty. Mr. Franklin Dyall is a lonely figure as King William. He has nothing to sing and nonsense to say, but somehow or other is completely convincing, and for that reason makes everything else seem more flat than ever.

A War Film

I Was a Spy, at the Tivoli, is the best British film, from the technical point of view, which has yet been produced. The story is well told and moves swiftly and smoothly. Mr. Victor Saville, the director, handles it with restraint, and in the big crowd scenes, particularly the Church Parade, he achieves a dramatic intensity which has rarely been surpassed. The camera work is excellent, but the casting might have been better. Miss Madeleine Carroll as Laura, the spy, looked beautiful, but did not seem to have very much aptitude for the spy business or really to understand what it was all about. One felt that she was lucky to have fallen into the clutches of heroes instead of crooks, by whom she would apparently have been equally malleable. Conrad Veidt gave a first-class performance and, as usual, the film gained pace as soon as he appeared on the screen. Herbert Marshall as Laura's assistant spy, Martita Hunt, her aunt, who was in the same profession, and Gerald du Maurier as the German doctor in charge of the hospital at Roulers, all gave good performances. This is certainly a film to be seen.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, September 8th—
"Ball at the Savoy," Drury Lane Theatre.
"The House of Connelly." Everyman Theatre.

SATURDAY, September 9th—
Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition, 35 Russell Square, W.C.

SUNDAY, September 10th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "They That Take the Sword . . ." Conway Hall, 11.
Garden Fête and Bazaar in aid of the Soviet Government's plan to colonise Jews in Biro-Bijan. To be opened by Lord Marley at 3 p.m. Address by Mr. Louis Golding on "Jewish Life in Biro-Bijan." King Alfred Schools, Northend Road, N.W.11.
J. F. Horrabin on "Dictatorship or Democracy," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.

MONDAY, September 11th—
"What Happened Then?" Fortune Theatre.

TUESDAY, September 12th—
"The Tempest," Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park.

WEDNESDAY, September 13th—
North of England Flower Show, Harrogate.
"Nice Goings On," Strand Theatre.

THURSDAY, September 14th—
"Sheppey," Wyndham's Theatre.

LLOYD GEORGE S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE!

War Memoirs of David Lloyd George. Vol. I. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 21s.

Nearly a dozen years ago Mr. Lloyd George made a contract with an American newspaper syndicate for the writing of his *War Memoirs*. For several well-known reasons the arrangement fell through, and probably no one has more reason to regret the circumstance than Mr. Lloyd George himself. In 1922 his fame was enormous, and his powers were unimpaired. He would at that time have been able to enlist the services of keen and gifted subordinates who had worked by his side through some of the greatest events of the modern age, events then vividly in the memory of all. It is quite easy to understand, if not to estimate, the results of this long delay, for whatever else they are, the *War Memoirs* as we are to have them cannot be the memoirs which would have been produced by Mr. Lloyd George at the close of the post-war Coalition. That book, obviously, the Lloyd George of 1933 could not write; and one read more than a chapter or two of this first volume in order to realise, once again, both the exceeding remoteness of the 1914 atmosphere and the familiarity of the war record. During the interval since the breaking of Mr. Lloyd George's American contract almost everything of importance has come to light. The main portion of the narrative is well worn.

"It is better," says Mr. Lloyd George in his Preface, "that the real facts should be given. I do not pretend to know them all, but some of them I know better than my contemporaries." That, of course, must be true. Mr. Lloyd George, as he reminds us with a rather unexpected literary allusion, was the only person in authority who resembled Mr. Britling in seeing it through. And in one important matter he was ahead of his colleagues in the first War Government, since his was the famous first shot which made real to the English people, or to a large portion of them, the reality of the European war peril. At the Mansion House on July 21st, 1911, Mr. Lloyd George delivered the warning to Germany concerning Agadir. He does not add to our knowledge of that incident, which, as he admits, is fully and accurately presented in *The World Crisis* by Mr. Churchill and in *Twenty-five Years* by Viscount Grey. But he tells us that not until the week of Agadir was he himself, though occupying the second place in the Government, made aware by the Foreign Secretary of the nature and extent of our military commitments to France. This leads him to a survey of Sir Edward Grey's position and the method by which he conducted his department. The Lives of Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith have already thrown a disturbing light upon the secrecy of the Foreign Office throughout the eight years which determined the fate of the old Europe. Mr. Lloyd George completes the story, and the accidents of publishing have added a circumstance of tragic irony in that this portrait of the pivotal Foreign Minister is given to the world at a moment which the author would have sought by every possible means to avoid. In some points the chapter has been modified since its appearance in serial form, but it remains a full-powered indictment by comparison with which Morley's Memorandum is a merely trivial statement. Mr. Lloyd George says that in the pre-war Cabinet "a ridiculously small percentage" of time was devoted to foreign affairs—and this Cabinet, we may note, was the ablest that England had known for half a century or more. "There was a reticence and a secrecy which practically ruled out three-fourths of the Cabinet from the chance of making any genuine contribution to the momentous questions then fermenting on the Continent." Direct questions at Cabinet meetings were not encouraged: "we were made to feel that, in these matters, we were reaching our hands towards the mysteries." The Foreign Office papers regularly circulated to Cabinet Ministers were nothing. "All the things that mattered were conveyed in private and confidential letters from our diplomatic representatives abroad to the Foreign Secretary personally." His replies were private and unrevealed, as also were his interviews with Ambassadors. For six years after 1906, Mr. Lloyd George avers, Sir Edward Grey did not on any occasion give to the Cabinet a review of foreign affairs comparable with that provided for the Dominion Premiers; and if after 1912 he became somewhat less reticent, the essential matter was not altered. On August 1st, 1914, the Cabinet as a whole was no more informed than the House of Commons as regards the governing fact which carried Sir Edward Grey to his relentless conclusion. Now, democratic control of international affairs may or may not be possible: that question to-day has not even a bare appearance of actuality in countries other than England and the United States. But nothing can be plainer than that, for a country such as ours, the Grey plan is the worst possible. Will any responsible public man affirm that the Foreign Office under Sir John Simon is any different or any better? Would it be an inaccurate guess that, whereas in 1914 Britain was bound by a single dangerously secret pledge, Britain in 1933 lies in peril of several such engagements, more definite and no less binding than the one which, twenty years ago, left us "entirely free" while holding us in a grip of steel?

Mr. Lloyd George assures us that on that August Sunday he was an undoubting member of the war party in the Cabinet. It would be interesting to know in somewhat more detail how this unquestioning position was reached, for, as the very discreet disclosures concerning the last days of July have implied, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was looked upon until the decisive day as standing with the opposition. Belgium, he explains, left the Government with no alternative, and he has now ranged himself with the party which maintains that the Foreign Secretary's indecision was the fatal element in the case. Sir Edward Grey, he says, should have declared that if Belgium were invaded, Britain would be in the war; and then——!

That, of course, is wisdom after the event, a product with which the war literature of every land abounds. And, as a matter of fact, the reader will ask at every stage as he goes through the Lloyd George narrative: Is it possible that any politician can have been endowed, from the beginning of a world conflict in which statesmen and soldiers alike were without experience to guide them—is it possible that this miraculous Minister can have been endowed with so astounding a measure of discernment, strategic genius, and administrative mastery as these 500 pages appear to attest? From earlier volumes of the Georgian scriptures—notably Lord Riddell's *War Diary*—we have learned that Mr. Lloyd George began his attack upon the Generals and his agitation against the War Council in the winter of 1915. But all that we have had hitherto is nothing but an outline or a pale reflection of the energies of Mr. Lloyd George as the great British War Lord. The first of a long series of memoranda on the right way—the only way—of waging the war is dated February, 1915. It shows Mr. Lloyd George as already chief prosecutor of the War Office and the Ordnance Department, and from this time onwards we have him in full force. Early in the crisis he comes to the conclusion that Kitchener is a failure as Minister of War, that the War Office machine is contemptible; that the mentality of the Generals was that of the Crimean War; while the Ordnance believed that since shrapnel was the ammunition of the Boer War it was right for the Western Front. The Cabinet could not get news from G.H.Q., and as often as not Kitchener had no news to give. He had predicted a three-years' war, but could not envisage an army of three millions, and in any case, knowing nothing of industrial England, he could do virtually nothing towards the production of supplies. The War Office, moreover, had a rigid habit of ordering only through the recognised armament firms, and it seemed to be no less oblivious of England than Kitchener himself.

Mr. Lloyd George accordingly began his agitation, and kept it up until, with the making of the first Coalition, he was made Minister of Munitions and thereby gained his opportunity to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm.

Let it be acknowledged that the danger was real and terrible enough; that Mr. Lloyd George grasped it more completely, as well as far more dramatically, than any of his colleagues, and that in 1915 the War Office system would have ruined England if it had not been checkmated. No fair-minded person can doubt that Mr. Lloyd George did a splendid job in the twelve months before the death of Kitchener; and on the whole, it should be added, the documentary evidence proves that the popular view of the first Minister of Munitions and what he accomplished was reasonably near the mark. But was there ever a more ingenuous narrative of a great departmental effort than that contained in Mr. Lloyd George's ninth chapter? He describes the formation of his staff as though the task after years at the Treasury and hard experience in the Cabinet Munitions Committee had left him a helpless novice. He refers to the elementary device of a weekly gathering of his departmental heads as though it were an epoch-making discovery in the craft of administration. And he devotes pages to a repetition of the long-familiar story of women's war-time work and the evolution of welfare.

From munitions to war strategy, needless to say, is a natural step. Mr. Lloyd George, as the world has long known, was an Easterner. He was convinced that an early victory was attainable by marking time in France and driving at Germany through Austria with the aid of the Balkans and a Russian army equipped by Britain. Here was the basis of his hostility to the Generals, who in his belief were guilty of sacrificing millions of young men to the fetish of the Western Front. There were many, of course, to agree with him; but one may doubt whether any strategist, amateur or professional, could have the daring to recall his schemes with the fantastic detail of Mr. Lloyd George's memoranda of 1915. He suggests that the Balkans, including Bulgaria, might have been mobilised as a unit for the Allies; and Tsarist Russia yielding a mighty host of 12,000,000—all to be equipped by the factories of Britain and America! For, as he explains, "there was plenty of honest loot awaiting the plunderers without transgressing any principle of racial liberty or self-determination"!

There are a few characteristics, which no review of this volume ought to omit. Its picture of the British military service in the first year of the war is appalling. Mr. Lloyd George implies that the old British Army—often described by high authorities as the finest professional army of the modern world—was led and directed by half-wits. He speaks of the British record in the field down to the end of 1916 as a tale of unrelieved defeat. And throughout all its chapters dealing with military matters the book is a paean in praise of the German Army, of German military genius and power of organisation. That Britain came through cannot be entirely due to—as Balfour used to call him—the Little Man?

THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN

The Shape of Things to Come. By H. G. WELLS. *Hutchinson* 10s. 6d.

According to Carlyle, the mark of the Hero is a compulsion to face the main questions of life. By this test Mr. Wells is clearly heroic. He is in deadly earnest; he never forgets that our world is on the edge of ruin. He never writes, and apparently he never reads or thinks, without that fact staring him in the face. Years ago he found his answer: that salvation can only come through science and the world-state. Since then his work has been an increasingly desperate effort to force the world's assent. The present book is the most emphatic, and one of the ablest, of them all. The horror of the future that may be in store for man, the comfort and cleanliness which might be won through co-operation and a wise use of applied science—these are stated in theory, shown in practice, recapitulated again and again throughout this brilliant fantasy. At the height of his powers Mr. Wells has made a thrilling effort to convince the world. But the effort will fail, for in spite of his heroism Mr. Wells lacks wisdom. He does not convince, because he does not understand why so many people find his heaven-on-earth repulsive. The picture of a peaceful, hygienic world ought to be agreeable; but Mr. Wells omits the disturbing, humanising factors of poetry and romance and religion, thus turning his ideal state into a Fordised inferno, a white-tiled cemetery for the hopes of mankind.

A few years ago Mr. Wells thought it was only priest-ridden fools who were against him, and he hoped a little education would turn the scales. But now he seems convinced that the human race is steeped in folly, that it is wicked and that it must atone; that since reason will not turn it to the world-state it must be scourged with decades of pestilence and slaughter. Mr. Wells, in fact, has discovered original sin, and he gives half mankind as a guilt-offering. Where he describes the sacrifice his book frightens and compels; but when he comes to the happy ending he is as barren as ever. It is sad to dream so fierce a prelude to the regaining of so poor a paradise.

The expiation he imposes on man is horrible enough to ease a world of guilt. *The Shape of Things to Come* is an outline of history for the next two centuries. In seven years Europe is to stumble into another great war, which passes insensibly "into a squalor of political fiascos, unpayable debts, unsubscribed loans, scrapped machinery, insurrection, guerilla and bandit conflicts, universal hunger and the great pestilences. Gas warfare and air war fade out of the foreground of human experience, dwarfed and overwhelmed by the more primitive realities of panic, famine, and fever." The fever alone kills half the race. "Wind, water and the demented sick carried it everywhere. About half humanity was vulnerable, and so far as we know now all who were vulnerable took it, and all who took it died." Mr. Wells points out that it is not war which causes the decline, it is man's failure to solve the money-problem, and the allied problem of increased productivity. "The everyday life of man is economic, not belligerent, and it was strangled by the creditor."

Since this is the case, it is a surprise to find that after the decades of agony, when the surviving technicians and airmen begin to remould the shattered world, the money-problem seems almost to solve itself. Apparently the maculated fever was a discerning plague, missing no bankers and no orthodox economists, leaving our depleted planet to internationally minded technocrats. By the twenty-second century a ticket-like world currency is distributed in strict relation to production, and men live at ease on the work of the machine.

So far the story is plausible and not too depressing. But when Mr. Wells describes the details of recovery the horror begins. During the renascent period which follows the great plague man is subjected, by a Puritan dictatorship, to a propagandist treatment which frees him from the vestiges of his sin, and of his soul. There is no nonsense of toleration about these bright young aviators. They see that if the world is to be made safe for machinery they must "immobilise or destroy every facile system of errors, misinterpretations, compensations and self-consolations that still survived to confuse the minds of men." They must also "immobilise or destroy" every loyalty, every religion, every remnant of romance that lingers in the heart of man. The author admits that the process is not a pretty one. Nevertheless, it is achieved. Man is at last made into a contented Citizen of the World. Prostrated by wars and fevers, beaten and broken by the Puritan dictatorship, remodelled by experts in biology and psychology, man emerges from two centuries of punishment into an even more terrible reward. Soulless, Godless, rootless, dutyless, he wanders over a tranquil, sanitary planet.

"The struggle for material existence is over. It has been won. The need for repressions and disciplines is past." What, actually, is there left to do? "We may now go naked, love as we like, eat, drink and amuse ourselves with our work or as we will." And should anyone grow bored with going naked and loving as he likes, there is the thought that even if he has lost his individuality he has become part of "the body of mankind." We are told that the individuality "is no longer a self-sufficient being, at war with all its kind. It has become a responsible part of a species. It has become an experiment in feeling, knowing, making and response." What could be more fun?

Mr. Wells has never written more forcefully and lucidly than in this book. He has never told a story with more ingenuity and convincing detail. And he has never found a more compelling form in which to discuss the chief problems of life. He will be untroubled to hear that I find his answers hideous—for there remains the spotted fever, which should cleanse the earth of such sentimental minds. But if anyone at all like me survives into that brave new world, he will have one consolation: man's normal span of life is only lengthened by twenty years.

C'est la mort qui console, hélas! et qui fait vivre.

HERBERT AGAR

THE ENGLISH WORKING MAN

The Unemployed Man. By E. WIGHT BAKKE. *Nisbet.* 10s. 6d.

Idealists, realising the advantages—spiritual and hygienic—of building a house on the hillside, are often embarrassed by the strange reluctance of water to run uphill. Parallel difficulties confront theorists who would re-model society nearer to their heart's desire. They interpret too ingenuously that aphorism of Epictetus: "Do thou show a man the truth and thou shalt see that he will follow it." The motives of mankind are many; and the bait that at one time may prove to a man irresistible, will, at another time, seem scarcely to merit a glance. To other men it may at no time make the slightest appeal. Failure to understand the psychology of average humanity, as it has been moulded by centuries of environmental contacts, is the principal explanation of the relative failure of idealist-socialist propaganda in England. *The Unemployed Man* should do much to enlighten social reformers who wish to understand better the nature of the human stuff through which they hope to materialise their dreams.

Dr. Bakke, who is the Director of Unemployment Studies at Yale University, made the experiment—an experiment which few men of education have the temperament successfully to

carry out—of studying the unemployment problem from the point of view of the unemployed man. Accordingly, he took lodgings in Greenwich, and determined " to share their life in so far as it was possible to do so, to join in their activities, or loaf on the streets or at factory gates, as the occasion might require, to go with them to clubs and churches and pubs, to join the hunt for a job." He soon found that it was impossible to form a sound picture of the mind of the unemployed man without first acquiring a general knowledge of English working-class traditions, and of the influence of those traditions on present-day mental attitudes —whether the individual is employed or unemployed. Evidently Dr. Bakke is specially equipped by nature and by knowledge for the task he set himself. It is clear that he was accepted by his neighbours without suspicion, and that he obtained from them frank expressions of their thoughts and feelings about the many matters with which their minds are actively concerned. It is not without significance that his book is written in good straightforward English, with scarcely a suggestion of the language or idiom of his native country. Moreover, the manner and method of the book are those of the most scrupulous science; whilst it is devoid of all pedantry and jargon. It betrays no ethical bias, and there is no trace of class prejudice on one side or the other. Dr. Bakke presents the relevant facts—including their significant emotional atmospheres—and, from these, various conclusions, as it were, draw themselves. The result is a work which is almost thrilling by reason of its obvious first-handness; is illuminating by reason of its psychological exposures; and is, in the truest sense, socially educative. The narrowest bourgeois and the most idealistic Socialist may read it with benefit to themselves and to their concepts of reality. The tangibilities that lie behind such phrases as " the pride of the poor," and " the sacredness of home " become here explicit. We learn, in their own words, how typical working men and women think and feel about work, about employers, about foremen, about Labour politicians, about chance or luck, and about one another. We are all at times puzzled by the political and other mass-reactions of working people; because we do not realise their scales of values. After reading this book, one ceases to wonder at such happenings as, for example, the success of the National Government at the last election. The hold which traditionalism—the backbone of Conservatism—has on the average working-man's mind is, by many of us, altogether underestimated. Then again, few of us realise the extent to which his spirit of initiative is stultified by our industrial system. " There is a measure of hopelessness in the situation when a man knows that most of his good or ill fortune is out of his own control and dependent on luck. The worker sees all about him experienced and skilled men with no work to do. If he is in work he feels lucky. If he is out of work he is the victim of hard luck. He can see little relation between worth and consequences. Dependence upon luck at so many points is not a condition which develops independence and self-confidence, the preserving of which is often urged as a goal for social legislation."

It is obvious that his continued experience of having his destiny controlled in almost every detail by powers outside himself and outside his own class must destroy in the ordinary wage earner all sense of responsibility for his fortunes and for his misfortunes. " No one who has not shared the life of the worker can realise the number of points at which the ultimate decision as to his way of life rests with others. When so much of your life is ordered by others, why pretend to be able to do anything yourself with the rest? "

It is not surprising that this life-long experience of personal impotence and of dependence on the will of others leads to an exaggerated belief in the specialist nature of the mysterious functions exercised by the controlling classes. In the minds of many working men a sort of Olympian status is assigned to upper and middle class employers, financiers and politicians. These men are apt to mistrust leaders of their own class: " You take us into another world—we are not fit for it. What an ass S. has made of himself up there in Parliament! What does he know about ruling the country? "

The increasing uncertainty of getting and of seeking jobs, and the increasing replacement of skilled men by machines which need but little skill in their tending, has, naturally enough, produced a sentiment which Dr. Bakke found to be widely spread: " It don't do much good to have a trade nowadays." He found that among most of the men " their chief desire was for security in the present job, rather than the opportunity of trying for a better one. They seemed aware that a man who courts a move may move down more easily than up. Business and professional people speak of the chance of advancement as an incentive to work, diligent training, and self discipline . . . If the possibilities which lie in the future are factors in the incentive to work," writes Dr. Bakke, " I wonder how inspiring the average middle-class individual would find the prospect of the labourer's boy or of the labourer himself." Opinionated persons, secure in their tenure of the material things of this world, often argue that, by removing the fear of starvation, unemployment insurance and other social services take away all incentive to self-supporting industry. But Dr. Bakke conclusively shows that industry, thrift and foresight are the results " not of isolated circumstances, but of the whole social heritage of the individual . . . If a man has ability and capacity these qualities are usually accompanied by a will to self-support which needs no stimulus from fear. If he has not ability and capacity, the most terrifying fear will not produce the ability and capacity to escape from its realisation. The feeling of security is the last step between him and a degrading poverty."

Few of those who preach the sacredness of work and of " self-help " fully realise the " demoralising " effect of long-continued enforced unemployment. This effect by no means ends with the individual directly concerned. Here, for instance, is a significant comment of a young engineer: " Boys tend to get their liking for work from their fathers. My father was an artisan working down at the gas works. I just naturally fell into that work. I used to carry his tools around, and I was anxious to put out the right wrench or hammer. That way I got the feel of the tools and I was crazy for the time to come when I could use them myself. But a labourer's boy, now, he don't see all that, does he? *And how about the children of those fellows who have to live on the dole? What kind of a desire to work are they going to have?* "

One might go on quoting speech after speech and passage after passage equally thought-provoking. The book is full of them.

HARRY ROBERTS

NEW NOVELS

The Dove Pursues. By G. M. T. PARSONS. *Constable.* 5s.

The Gowk Storm. By N. BRYSSON MORRISON. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Sea Wall. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The Story of Silas Woodward. By ELIZABETH WILKINS THOMAS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

The Advances of Harriet. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.

To Tell the Truth. By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS. *Cape.* 6s.

Excursion to Lilliput. By LEWIS GIBBS. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

Dryad. Short Stories by ETHEL MANNIN. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

The first two books upon this list have much in common: the scene of one is a poor Norfolk Rectory, of the other a poor Scottish manse, and both deal with the unhappy course of youthful love. Whereas Miss Morrison aims at tragedy, Miss Parsons is content with the sharp but modest pricks from which no life is free. Her Rachel is an ordinary girl, presented as such—devoted to her schoolboy brother (who is sketched with a very nice economy), chafed by her mother, aloof from her father. She falls in love with the young tutor at the Hall, whose employer being also his aunt is in a position to use circumstance and Nevile's own nature in order to separate the pair. The story, moving by small touches, and with a proportionate, not tedious, introduction of domestic duties, makes easy reading. Only with Nevile does Miss Parsons stray from the commonplace; he is not quite an ordinary young man. The scenes indicating his streak of wildness are not the most successful; had they been, had he become vivid and arresting, the character of the book would have been altered, its design perhaps fatally upset. As it is, it will find grateful readers among the non-romantic. At her best, Miss Parsons writes with more than mere adequacy:

> Rachel . . . was lying in bed, dazed but sleepless, when her mother opened the door. " I left my scissors here this morning when I brought you clean towels," she explained, as she went over to the washstand with her candle. She had put on the thick knitted coat, many years old, that she wore in the upstairs rooms during cold weather. It was a red, warm colour. . . . Her children had always liked it; and now, as she searched the room, peering into corners like a restless bee, her shadow gigantic on wall and roof behind her, she seemed in wearing it to lose her immediate significance and to become a symbol of the solicitude, fussy yet generous, that she offered to her children.

The Gowk Storm is for those who like a romantic tinge to their love-stories, something of the far-away. This is supplied not only by the remote moorland landscape which surrounds the manse, but also by the remoteness of its ill-defined period, early or mid-Victorian. One cannot but think of the Brontës, for although the three Lockhart girls have a mother, they also have a disagreeable Calvinistic papa, an outspoken general servant, and a visiting parson at whom to mock, as their betters mocked the curates. It is characteristic of the book that this Minister, besides being grotesque, is also evil: he brings about the tragedy of the second sister, Emmy, whose death ensues. There are storms, high passions thwarted, a suicide: but the total effect is of pathos and sentiment, not intensity; for Emmy and Julia are girls of the Keepsake kind, as hinted by Mr. Rex Whistler's dust-cover. We see them through a delicate mist: their tragedies move us less than does Rachel Harding's modest misery.

Sea Wall is an extremely well-written book, marred by want of inevitability: it is as though Mr. Strong had assembled certain scenes and characters which for some reason he wished to embody in a novel, and had then devised the early life of Nicky D'Olier as a thread on which to string them. The O'Maras, a brilliant doctor the victim of a scandal and his eccentric sister; Paddy Kennedy and Mike Hogan, always facetiously referred to as "these gentlemen"; spinsterish Uncle James, and Thady, teller of long stories of Irish life—these, though falling at times between the Dickensian and realistic stools, are entertaining; but they have an accidental air. It is the same with the elaborately described boxing contest which is the main feature of Nicky's schooldays, and the swimming-contest which is one of the two glimpses we are given of his army life during the European war—they read like set pieces, and leave us waiting for something. That something should have been supplied by Nicky himself; but although he has engaging characteristics, chief among them being his passion for the sea wall outside his Kingstown home, he has little character and no personality. Personality—that which one perceives as a totality, almost regardless of the person's character—is possessed, not by Nicky but by his charming elder brother George, who dies early in the book. George, in common with all the persons save Nicky, is treated objectively; thus the reader should be able to identify himself with Nicky, not merely observing but feeling with him. With the best will in the world I found this impossible to do. Nor can one overlook this failure on the emotional side, for *Sea Wall* does not exalt the intellect; it has an emotional theme: the awakening in a young man of sensibility of the desire (in itself perhaps constituting a faculty) to perceive a "pattern" in human life and in his own life viewed retrospectively. Had this ambitious theme been expressed by a close integration of the parts, and through a chief character of profound appeal, the whole would almost certainly have been a work of literary importance. It is, alas, not that; but it is a novel to be strongly recommended to those who like considerable emphasis on physical prowess and a seriousness which is lightened by caricature rather than by wit.

Mr. Strong's seascapes are the more telling for his firm control; Miss Wilkins Thomas's New England landscapes are graceful, but she is too lavish with them:

> Sunk thus in rabbitness he moved towards the opening . . . to go back to the house. But the spell of the earth had worked in him all day and he felt bound.

The Story of Silas Woodward describes the working of this spell on a young man who wilfully left a city job and returned to his mother's farm, where he dreamed and laboured in what would have been deep content had his mother and his Minnie understood what moved him. They thought him a fool for leaving a good billet. When his mother sold the farm without consulting him he retired in dismay to live in the woods where, wandering in search of "acceptance" by the earth and its beasts, he was killed in a fight with a stag. Here was material, in the hands of a master of form, for an admirable short story; but Miss Wilkins Thomas has chosen to pad. Her renderings of Silas's reveries, woodland scenery, farm work, local feasts and "rabbitness" almost smother her theme. Nor has the later influence of Mrs. Woolf been salutary for her; she is best where her persons are in close contact with each other: when Silas first feels out of it in the company of his mother and Minnie, and when he realises that the boy, Lester, understands his mysterious feeling for nature as they never will.

Miss Bottome has produced, in *The Advances of Harriet*, a most agreeable soufflé—cheese, not chocolate—which, like all soufflés, is best when lightest. As a guide to "the differing attitudes of the French and English towards romantic attachments" (the words are her publishers') she does not inspire complete confidence: can we believe that a Frenchman, passionately in love, would at the dictates of "honour" break off a liaison with a married woman *because* it had resulted in a child? Among less profound national distinctions Miss Bottome is an acute guide, and the book is enlivened with many succinctly worded jokes, such as that "Anne never challenged Harriet's veracity, but she very often non-conducted it." The relations between the sisters, and their conversations, are very well done indeed.

Mrs. Williams-Ellis's new book is a satire on English life ten years hence, told from the point of view of an earnest young Russian Communist. It is spirited and not unduly bitter, and the bricks dropped by Pavel always point an indisputable moral. Mr. Gibbs's essay in *simplesse*, the detailed narrative of a day in an eleven-year-old boy's life, is dull. So are Miss Mannin's stories: they lack that power of holding the interest which so disconcerts highbrows who read magazines while waiting at the dentist's. Perhaps it is because, instead of being frankly sentimental or sensational, the stories are pseudo-highbrow themselves.

E. B. C. JONES

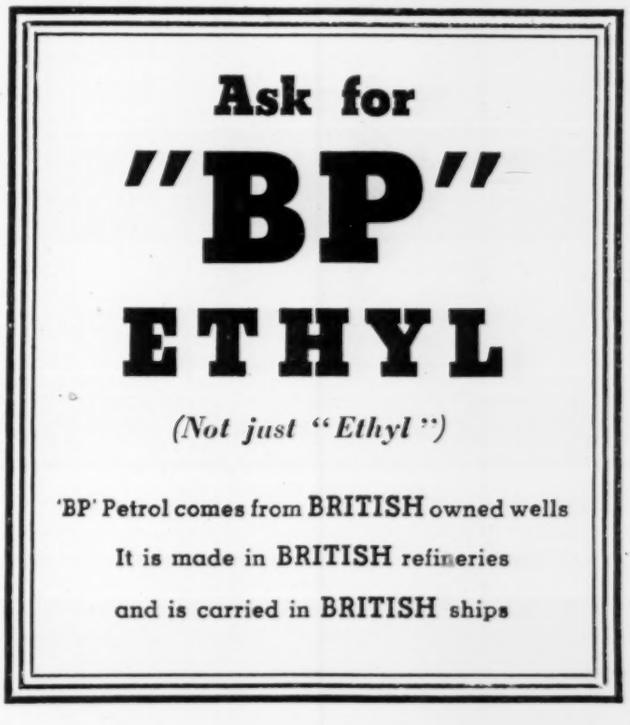
VLADIMIR ILYICH

Lenin. By RALPH FOX. *Gollancz.* 5s.

This fascinating biography of Lenin, packed into 300 pages of small but clear type, a volume easily handled on a holiday, can be strongly recommended to all those who wish to understand the Russian Revolution of 1917, and the rise of Soviet Communism as a new power in the world. For its author has contrived to include a magnetic portrait of a great personality and a vivid description of the Russian revolutionary movement, 1887–1917, within a setting, subdued but always present, of Marxian philosophy as interpreted in the writings and activities of Vladimir Ilyich.

The son of a much-respected inspector of education, of liberal opinions, and of a teacher of German descent, Vladimir, as a boy of sixteen, was

> short and rather thin, with unusually domed forehead, strong, ironical mouth, very far from ordinary. He was not good-looking, like his elder brother Sasha, but he was much more talkative and lively, in a sharp, sarcastic way. . . . When something captured his imagination, Volodya gave himself to it fantastically, wholeheartedly. Skating thus fascinated him as a boy, and he spent day after day on the ice, half drunk with the dry, frozen air of those middle-Volga steppes, till by a great effort of will he tore himself away from the ice altogether, completely gave up skating, which threatened to absorb his whole attention. A little later he did the same with chess, at which he became an excellent player. . . . A third such victim of his combined strength and weakness was Latin. As a schoolboy he was a first-rate Latinist, and the language attracted him immensely, but once again he abandoned it because it took time which was needed for more important studies.



The execution of his passionately loved elder brother for participation in the attempt to assassinate Alexander II transformed this high-spirited and studious lad into a professional revolutionist.

For the following twenty years we watch " the little Russian, more like a shabby clerk or out-of-work journalist than a dangerous revolutionary," as a rebel student at the Petersburg University, seeking out workers from whom to learn the facts about industry and discuss the evils of capitalism, and fomenting revolutionary centres; as an exile in Siberia intently studying, in close companionship with his wife, the writings of Marx and Engels, of Hegel and Schopenhauer, of Fourier and Saint Simon, and even translating Webb's *Trade Unionism*; as an emigré in the capitals of Europe taking an active part in the Second International; or conferring, and it must be admitted, quarrelling, with his fellow Russian revolutionists as to the best method of overthrowing autocracy and organising the classless state in his own country. For the most part these years were spent at Zurich and Berne, in Paris or London, at Warsaw and Prague; and during the Great War, again in Switzerland. He and his wife lived in poverty; in constant fear of Tsarist spies and summary ejection by the local police. In spite of all these drawbacks, Lenin, aided by his clever wife, managed to combine methodical research and hard thinking, with continuous correspondence and the publication of pamphlets and articles; to which he added ruthless activity in carrying out his main purpose: the formation of a revolutionary party of a particular type, highly disciplined and uncontaminated by the presence of mere sympathisers and lukewarm opportunists. In many ways it was a hateful existence. " Sometimes," we are told, " the strain would bring him almost to breaking point." He grew pale and ill, was tortured by headaches, while his wife worked along with him with hardly less energy. His

> mother-in-law, who lived with them still, would watch almost in despair, and confide to friends that " he'll kill both Nadyusha and himself with that life." Sometimes he would come in so completely exhausted that he flung himself fully dressed on the iron bedstead, and lay motionless for hours.

The 1905 revolution in Russia raised his hopes to fever point; but its failure, and the years of cruel oppression, whilst it made the life of the emigré " a hundred times heavier than before the revolution," as he complains in a letter to Gorki, did not dim his faith. " You can't separate emigrant life from scandal, " he continues.

> To sit in the thick of that scandal and " scum " is nauseating; even to observe it is nauseating. . . . Conditions do occur when the life of the workers' movement inevitably gives birth to this emigrant fighting and splits, to squabbling, to the struggles of different little circles—but that is not because there is anything internally wrong in social democracy itself, but because those elements from which the working class has to forge its party are of such different calibres. It will forge in any case; it will forge a superb revolutionary social democracy in Russia, and it will forge it quicker than it sometimes appears from the point of view of this damned emigrant's condition.

So much for the portrait of Lenin. The concise account, intertwined with the portrayal of Lenin, of the evolution of the Bolshevik Party and its relation to the Social Revolutionaries and the Mensheviks, and to the Second International, is easier to follow than the more comprehensive and detailed history of that period by Leon Trotsky. Perhaps it owes its lucidity to its one-sidedness; its reflection of Lenin's deeply canalised and purposeful mind.

The last eighty pages, describing the Bolshevik seizure of power and the first years of Lenin's administration, is necessarily the least satisfactory part of the book. To compress into these few pages the story of the allied intervention, the civil war and the famine, an analysis of the " democratic centralism " of the new constitution prescribed by Lenin, the introduction of NEP, and Lenin's first imaginative strivings after a general plan for organising the production of services and commodities for consumption by the whole community, was a gallant feat which was bound to fall short in scope and intelligibility. Moreover, towards the end of the book it is the tragic heroism of his lingering death that absorbs the attention of the reader.

What is the impression left on the mind by this remarkable biography? I will attempt, in a few words, to sum up my own view of the personality and achievements of Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov.

He was a great humanitarian: he believed passionately in the future of the human race organised in equalitarian communities. It has been suggested that he was " insensitive " to individual suffering, and that he was apt to appreciate each man according to his social value. This criticism I think is justified; but it must be added that this insensitiveness to personal suffering applied equally to his own and his wife's comfort and security; he was, in fact, the most selfless of great men, and he expected his fellow workers to be no less disinterested.

Combining, as he did, unremitting study of documents and books with a keen observation of the behaviour of men, whether workers or employers, representatives or officials, he might have become, under happier circumstances, a distinguished sociologist. But his indignation at the misery of the multitude under the corrupt Tsarist autocracy and his hatred of the inhumanity of capitalism and of the oppression and cruelty wrought on subject races by the imperialist powers, transformed him, early in life, into an active revolutionist. Tested by achievements he was perhaps the greatest revolutionary in history; for he and his followers swept away, in a few months, all governmental institutions upon one-sixth of the earth's surface, inhabited by 160 millions of diverse races and languages. But unlike most of his predecessors in the art of revolution he was pre-eminently the constructor of a new social order. Owing to a lifetime of research and observation he was able to pick out of the current social environment the institutions which would, as he thought, be essential to the building up of the Socialist state. Thus he accepted as the basis of the new constitution, not only the soviets of workers and peasants arising out of the revolution of 1905, and the industrial artels and agricultural communes indigenous in Old Russia, but also the Trade Unions and the consumers' co-operative societies, derived from the British and German Labour movements.

Out of these spontaneous popular manifestations, representing respectively man as a citizen, man as a producer and man as a consumer, he elaborated a multiform democracy. But his greatest achievement was, perhaps, the invention of an entirely new institution—the carefully selected, rigidly limited and highly disciplined Communist Party, representing man as a believer, which was to lead the new soviet democracy in the way of salvation. I think it is as the inventor of this new institution, more like a religious order than a political party, that Lenin will stand out in history.

BEATRICE WEBB

SOCIALISM IN OUR TIME

Problems of a Socialist Government. By SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS AND OTHERS. *Gollancz.* 5s.

The Socialist who has not yet been reduced either to desperation or despair, who still hugs his hope of seeing a Socialist community before he enters it perforce in the grave, will welcome this book as one of the first signs of reviving energy in the battered body of Socialism. It is an extraordinary fact—and it shows how far the collapse of civilisation has already gone—that, although the capitalist system has obviously broken down from its own inherent defects and Socialism is the only permanent solution of the world's economic distresses, Socialists have been unable to take advantage of this immense opportunity. Instead of their being able to convince people of what is a staring truth, they have never been more weak and broken since the publication of the Communist Manifesto. The collapse of capitalism, instead of bringing, as the good Marxian believed, the expropriation of the capitalist and dictatorship of the proletariat, is bringing the proscription of the Socialist, enslavement of the proletariat, and dictatorship of the Fascist. There are several reasons for this. First Marx himself and most Socialists failed to allow for the fact that the breakdown of the capitalist economic system, when accompanied by war, may entail such a collapse of civilisation that instead of going on to something better than the nineteenth century, we may go back to the twelfth or eleventh, to the civilisation of the savage and the jungle. That is what has happened in many parts of Europe already: it is the gunman who rules and the gunman is on the side of the capitalist, while an impoverished proletariat, after years of unemployment, is thankful to be employed, drilled, and turned into soldiers and patriots by the gunman.

Another reason is that Socialists were so busy quarrelling among themselves and repeating the old Marxian dogmas (many of which are now inapplicable), that they failed to see that a new

A

YOUNG MAN'S

DISCOVERY

"How suddenly these young people seem to grow up. There's my nephew just taken to smoking a pipe, if you please!"

"Then there can't be much wrong with *him*! If he wants to know a good brand—"

"Oh, but he does. He tells me he's discovered a wonderful tobacco called Three Nuns. Have you ever tried it, Vicar?"

"Er—yes, about thirty years ago. And I'm still trying it!"

THREE NUNS

The original tobacco of curious cut, 1/2½d. an ounce

For FREE SAMPLE send a postcard to Dept.B, Stephen Mitchell & Son, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow
Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. 258

tactic and strategy, and a new statement of Socialism, were required. The collapse of civilisation—and with civilisation of Socialism—will continue if Socialists continue to quarrel about the Second and Third International, about Communism and social democracy, about dictatorship and democracy, about revolution and revisionism. These quarrels to-day are futile and academic except that they make the Socialist and his party an easy prey for anyone from a Ramsay MacDonald to a Hitler. The work which Socialists and Socialist parties ought to do is to show that here, now, and to-day, in this country and in that, a Socialist Government can take over political power with a Socialist economic plan which will cure the economic troubles caused by capitalism. If they do that in good faith and intelligence, and convince the mass of the people of their *bona fides*, they would sweep this country at any rate, for the mass of the people would welcome any sane, energetic attempt to substitute a workable for an unworkable system.

The great merit of this book is that it is a real contribution to this new task of Socialism and Socialists. It attempts to work out in some detail the plan of a Socialist Government, in fact of the next Labour Government, for its first term of office if it is really to begin the transition from capitalism to Socialism. The volume is by members of the Socialist League, and different parts of the necessary programme are dealt with by different writers. For instance, Sir Stafford Cripps deals with the Constitutional Problem, Mr. Wise with the taking over of the banks and the control of finance, Mr. Mellor with the methods of dealing with unemployment, Major Attlee with local government, Mr. Cole with the general control of industry. No one will agree with all the proposals, but the book shows how difficult the task of the next Labour Government will be and how essential this kind of thinking and planning is, if it is to have the slightest chance of success. It is to be hoped that the party machine will welcome and encourage this kind of planning and that it will also realise that it is closely connected with the winning of votes. For the other side of the picture is that you have got to convince the voter that Socialism is an effective cure for the ravages of capitalism, and that the party has a plan for the five years of office, worked out in detail, which will effect that cure. The economic plan and the cure are the thing, not quarrels about the old slogans of Socialism and revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. It follows that to allow the appeal to be sidetracked into a discussion of constitutional questions, and of what steps the Government will take if the capitalists resist, is to play straight into the capitalist's hands, to allow him to choose the terrain to fight on. The terrain is economic and must be kept economic, if the Socialist is to win. If he sticks to that, he has a winning hand, for not only truth, but events are on his side.

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Men of Good Will. By JULES ROMAINS. Translated by WARRE B. WELLS. *Lovat Dickson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Men of Good Will is a translation of the first two books of a novel by M. Jules Romains which, the publishers tell us, "may run to an undetermined number of volumes." It is impossible as yet, therefore, to judge the pattern of the novel or determine how far M. Romains will succeed in his attempt to express the collective life of a great city by means of his "unanimist" technique. Paris is the city, and we are given general views as well as alternating scenes in a large number of individual lives. Some of these people meet incidentally, in bookshop or café, others are (at present) unrelated in any way. The method suggests Mr. Dos Passos in his recent novels *Forty-second Street* and *Nineteen Nineteen*, but M. Romains confines his scene to Paris and his narrative to realism of the common type. It would be possible to detach any one of the stories running through this volume without incongruity: characterisation, plot, suspense—there is no noticeable difference here from the usual progression of the novel. Plot indeed will obviously play an important part in the whole novel, and it may be either its strength or its weakness. The effect so far is certainly good, because the suspense of individual dramas, as they are broken off and taken up again, is cleverly varied, so that on one page a woman is left waiting for her lover and her lunch, and in the next chapter a murderer is seen washing his hands in the back room of a leather-binder's shop. These varying *tempos* are carried along on the firm movement of the book as a whole: the gradual revelation of Paris from all angles. Doors are opened, the double-deck trains steam in from the suburbs, the patch of sunlight moves over the counter. M. Romains would seem to have learnt something from the films here—from Ruttmann's *Berlin* and Cavalcanti's *Paris*, for example—but he does not make the mistake of trying for a false impressionism, and he does not crowd his descriptions with meaningless data, as Döblin did in *Alexanderplatz*. To judge from the beginning of his novel he has succeeded, at any rate, in achieving a unity of style, whatever may come of the outline.

It is impossible here to give more than a general idea of *Men of Good Will*. Most of the "stories" are still in an early stage of development. Quinette, the bookbinder, is an excellent piece of humorous invention, and his sinister adventures have a touch of fantasy which does not rob them of actuality. A girl who goes into his shop to leave a book for rebinding is disturbed by his gaze. The deep rather small eyes, high forehead and long black beard seem somehow magnetic—and so they are, for at the age of forty, alarmed by his lack of amorous enterprise, the bookbinder is trying out a new electrical body-belt which possesses extraordinary properties. He is satisfied with his fresh access of "personality"; and later during the day he has plenty of opportunity for displaying it: a murderer comes in from the street, literally red-handed from the act, and begs permission to hide and clean himself. The bookbinder extorts a confession and takes control of the situation, drawing up a plan of campaign for evading the police. Once started on this diabolical game of chess, which excites his morbid curiosity and his love of theorising, Quinette finds it impossible to draw back, till in the end he is involved in a hideous crime himself.

This is only one thread of many. The others, if less sensational, are in their way equally effective. *Men of Good Will*, for a novel of its scale, sustains a remarkable variety and suspense in the incidents of a shifting scene. Whether it possesses the deeper qualities necessary for its ultimate success is more doubtful. But an attempt to pre-judge the later parts of it would be obviously unfair. It is a novel which should certainly be read.

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About Motoring

SINNERS ALL

THE police of the Irish Free State have set a splendid example to the world's traffic authorities by publishing a dispassionate, scientific and constructive analysis of their accident reports for the first six months of 1933. Perhaps it is still a little premature to term their report "scientific," for the necessary data for complete analysis can never become available until fuller statistics are possible. Any traffic authority can dissect its accident figures, and tell the world that such a percentage concern two or more motor vehicles (stating the types), such a percentage involved a couple of pedal-cycles, and so on. But nowhere in the world does any traffic authority know how many pedestrians and how many pedal-cycles use its roads, still less what annual mileage is covered by each type of vehicle. It follows that an analysis is incomplete which merely records *x* deaths due to motor cars, *y* deaths due to pedal-cycles, and *z* deaths due to pedestrian incapacity. The trained mind instantly yearns to know how many motor cars, pedal-cycles and pedestrians used the roads in the period covered by the analysis, and how many miles each type of user covered. To such questions there is no answer. The Irish police can tell us instantaneously how many motor cars were licensed in the period under review; but not the average mileage per car. But they have literally no material for estimating the mileage of the cycles, and their numbers are no better than a wild guess. It is possible to estimate how many people foot it in Dublin per week, but not the extent of their footing. So even this unparalleled analysis (quite the best ever printed) fails to offer authoritative replies to the searching questions which any scientific student automatically asks.

Nevertheless, it possesses great value, and should help to undermine much prejudice. There were 2,381 accidents in the Free State between January 1st and June 30th last. It is gratifying to notice that more than half of them produced no personal injury whatsoever, and that only in 188 cases were the injuries worse than trivial. (The complete digest was printed in the *Irish Times* of August 10th.) Especially interesting is the factor of excessive speed, on which further information would be precious. Motor vehicles of various kinds figured in 1,923 of the total number of 2,381 crashes. "Excessive speed" was identified in police opinion as the decisive factor in no more than eighty-five of these incidents, i.e., about 4½ per cent. The smallness of these ratios between speed and accident will probably come as a surprise to most intelligent motorists, and until verified would inspire furious protest in the mind of the average scaremonger and advocate of speed limits. But the figure is even more eloquent than it looks, for "excessive speed" is by no means synonymous with absolute high speed. These eighty-five cases of excessive speed do not imply 40, 50 or 60 miles an hour, but merely a speed which was injudicious and dangerous under the conditions ruling at the time of the crash. The Irish statistician unfortunately omits to inform us in how many cases out of the eighty-five absolute high speed was the culprit, possibly because it is difficult to secure any real data about actual speeds. Anyhow, it is a definite testimonial to Irish driving that so low a ratio of this year's Free State crashes were due to injudicious speed, whether relative or absolute. The main charges brought against motor drivers (including all types) are lack of care at road junctions and crossings, improper methods of overtaking, failure to hug the left of the road, and various phases of inattention or indifferent road sense.

The indictment against non-motoring road users is unexpectedly severe. Exactly half the deaths involved in motoring accidents of all kinds are laid at the door of pedestrians, cyclists and "others." This term "others" is vague, but as horsed vehicles are ranged under a separate heading it presumably includes hand-carts and boys tobogganing in wheeled sugar-boxes. At least, the figures support the average motorist's contention that he is more careful, skilful and intelligent than other road users. Similarly, "pedestrians, cyclists and others" are adjudged guilty by the Irish police in three-quarters of the fatalities in which horsed vehicles were involved with non-motoring traffic. On the other hand, motorists were saddled with responsibility for a very large proportion of the collisions which involved no deaths, three-fifths of such accidents being debited against motor drivers. I freely admit that this question of "responsibility" is a little tangled. It is obvious that if there were no motor cars at all, the Free State casualty list for the six months would have been much lower. The rising graph is a direct consequence of motorised traffic, including buses, coaches, lorries, and vans, as well as private cars. So when the police say that a given accident was not "due" (it is their deliberately chosen term) to a motor vehicle, they presumably mean that the motor vehicle was being driven according to the law, and with all reasonable care; but that the guilty cyclist or pedestrian had failed in some manner to adapt himself to the admittedly severe requirements of modern traffic.

When we turn to pedestrian responsibilities, we must remember the pathetic fact that children rank as pedestrians, and compose a disproportionately large number of the accidents in which foot persons are adjudged responsible. Actually, sixteen deaths and 140 lesser accidents were "due" to children, some of whom were playing in the road, and many others on their way to or from

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school, or engaged on errands for their parents. This is quite the most heartbreaking aspect of the whole problem. However, apart from these innocent and pitiable victims, thirteen adult pedestrians were killed, and 219 were more or less injured. Drunkenness, old age and inferior vision hardly entered into the figures; these sufferers were mostly able-bodied people who behaved carelessly in busy places. It is rather surprising to learn that animals caused sixty-two accidents, of which only seven were due to dogs; but there is more cattle traffic in the I.F.S. than in most areas. The cyclist is rather severely handled in the report. I believe that in the I.F.S. he is not under legal orders to avoid riding abreast (as he is in Ulster), and this contributory factor is not specified in the report. But he (or she) is charged with swerving across other vehicles, passing on the wrong side, and various forms of carelessness. The motor cycle does not emerge too well from the comparisons. Private cars caused the death of twenty-seven persons, whereas motor cycles were only responsible for nine fatalities, but there are seven times as many private cars in the I.F.S. as motor cycles, and the cars on the average probably cover a greater mileage apiece, so that the motor cycle figure should have been three or thereabouts, if the safety and skill of both types of motorist were identical R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

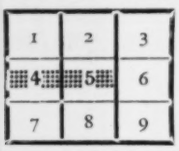
CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 37.—OVERTURE TO JUTLAND

The following little pastime is devised by Admirals Barnacle and Bilge:

The squares represent adjacent tracts of ocean; each is divided into nine smaller squares. Each Admiral defends one of the large squares with a battleship, which is held to occupy two of the smaller squares. It can be placed either longways or crossways, but not diagonally. It can move in various ways, best described by the following example: The battleship in the diagram, which occupies 4–5, can move to 1–2, 2–3, 5–6, 8–9, 7–8, 4–1, 4–7, 2–5 or 8–5. The half of the ship which at present occupies square 4 will in each case, after moving, occupy the square first named.

Each Admiral has three shots, wherewith to aim at his adversary's ship; its location at the beginning of the game is not known to him. To sink it, he must hit both halves of the ship.



The players toss for first turn and thenceafter play alternately. To "play," one can either fire or move one's ship. One cannot do both. If both players have discharged their three shots before either ship is sunk the game is abandoned as a draw.

In the game we are considering, Barnacle wins the toss. He fires at square 5 on the enemy target and the Umpire reports a miss. Bilge now fires at square 8 and secures a hit. Barnacle next fires at square 1, and secures a hit in his turn.

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The Federation of Progressive Societies and Individuals invites applications for its Autumn Conference at Digswell Park, Welwyn Garden City, on September 23rd - 25th. PROGRAMME:— Presidential address by C. E. M. Joad on "The Policy and Programme of the F.P.S.I."; Barbara Wootton on "The Economic System of To-morrow"; Kingsley Martin on "The Significance of the Reichstag Trial." The Annual Report and Statement of Accounts will be presented, and the Annual General Meeting and Election of Officers will take place. A programme of social events will be arranged. Cost from Saturday tea to Monday breakfast, £1. Booking fee of 5s. to be sent to the Secretary, F.P.S.I., 21 St. Stephens House, Westminster, S.W.1. (Whitehall 2408.)

WHAT SHOULD BILGE DO NOW: FIRE OR MOVE? WHAT SHOULD BARNACLE DO IF BILGE MOVES? AND WHAT SHOULD HE DO IF BILGE FIRES AND FAILS TO SINK HIM?

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PROBLEM 32.—MUG'S GAME.

"P.K." (name, please!), Cambridge.

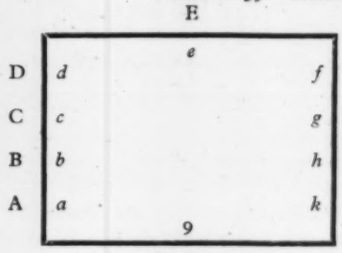
PROBLEM 33.—RACKHAM'S WINDOW.

A. J. Knowlden, 1, The Green, Ewell, Surrey.

PROBLEM 34.—"OLD CLOTHES DON'T MATTER."

T. Stenhouse, Kirkton Bank, Twenlow Avenue, Parkstone, Dorset.

PROBLEM 35.—BARBARA'S TEA PARTY.



Barbara

1. Denote the card numbers by $a, b, c, \ldots$
Denote the ages of the guests by A, B, C, . . . as in the diagram.

$$A + B + C + \ldots + K = 2(a + b + \ldots k) - (a + k) + 18 = 108 - (a + k)$$

As the ages are consecutive they must be

$$6 + 7 + \ldots + 14 = 90$$
$$\text{or } 7 + 8 + \ldots + 15 = 99$$
$$\text{or } 8 + 9 + \ldots + 16 = 108$$

Clearly $(a + k)$ cannot be 0 or 18 and therefore must be 9, and the ages are 7 to 15. . . .

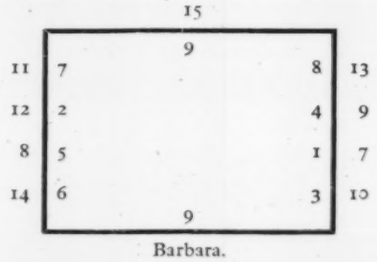
2. We now know that E = 15, H = 7 and K = 10 and it follows that $h = 1$.

3. Neither d nor f can be 9 for then C = A or G = K.
Neither a nor k can be 9 as $a + k = 9$.
g cannot be 9 as H = 7.
b cannot be 9 as A is less than 15.
Therefore c or $e = 9$.
Now $d + f = 15$ and hence $d = 8, f = 7$ or $d = 7, f = 8$.
As $a + k = 9$, $a = 6, 5, 4$ or 3
$k = 3, 4, 5$ or 6
and therefore, as $g + k = 7$, $g = 4, 3, 2$ or 1 and the last is inadmissible as $h = 1$.

If $c = 9$, c cannot be 6, and as Barbara has a card with number 9, neither b nor h can be 6.
Hence a or $k = 6$; therefore $g = 4$, $a = 6$, $k = 3$. But this gives B $(= a + c) = 15$ which is impossible.
Hence $e = 9$ . . .

4. As none of b, c or h can be 6, and as d and f are 7 and 8 or 8 and 7, it is clear that $a = 6$, $k = 3$ and $g = 4$.

5. It follows that $b = 2$, $c = 5$ or $b = 5$, $c = 2$.
Try $b = 2$. Then C = 9 if $d = 7$, but G also would be 9 for f would be 8, while if $d = 8$, C would be 10, and thus both alternatives for d are impossible.
If $b = 5$, and $d = 8$, C = 13 which is impossible as F $(= c + g) = 13$.
But if $b = 5$ and $d = 7$, then $f = 8$ and the seating with the corresponding card numbers is as follows:



Barbara.

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